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The Committee, in remembrance of their deceased friend, beg to announce the following occasions:

On SATURDAY EVENING (June 27), a CONCERT will take place in ST. MARTIN'S HALL, at which Madame Novello, Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, Miss Louisa Vinning, Herr Ernst, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. F. Robson, Signor Bottesini, Mr. Osborne, Miss Mary Keeley, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves will assist. Conductors, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Frank Mort, and Mr. Francesco Berger.
To commence at 8 precisely. Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s. Body of the Hall, Centre Gallery, and Orchestra, each 2s. Back Seats and Side Galleries, each 1s.

On TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 30th, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS will read his CHRISTMAS CAROL in ST. MARTIN'S HALL.
The reading will commence at 8 precisely, and will last two hours. Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s. Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each 2s. Back Seats and Side Galleries, each 1s.

On TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 7th, Mr. W. H. RUSSELL will deliver his PERSONAL NARRATIVE of the late CRIMEAN WAR, in ST. MARTIN'S HALL.
To commence at 8 precisely, and last two hours. Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s. Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each 2s. Back Seats and Side Galleries, each 1s.

On SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 11th, will be represented, at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, Regent-street, Mr. Wilkie Collins's new romantic Drama, in three acts, THE FROZEN DEEP, performed by the Amateur Company of Ladies and Gentlemen who originally represented it in private. With the original Scenery, by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., and Mr. Telbin; and the original Music, under the direction of Mr. Francesco Berger. The whole under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens. To conclude with a farce.
Prices of Admission: Stalls, One Guinea; area, 10s.; Amphitheatre, 5s.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 15th, will be represented at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's Comedy, in three acts, THE HOUSEKEEPER. To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's Drama, THE PRISONER OF WAR. Represented by Miss Reynolds, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Howe, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Rogers, Miss M. Terman, Mr. Condon, Miss M. Oliver, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and the Company of the Theatre.
Prices of admission: Stalls, 10s. 6d. The rest of the house as usual, except the Private Boxes, which may be had at the Committee's Office, or at Mr. Sams's Library, St. James's-street.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 22nd, Mr. W. M. THACKERAY will deliver a Lecture on WEEK-DAY PREACHERS, in ST. MARTIN'S HALL.
To commence at 8 precisely, and last one hour and a half.
Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s. Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each 2s. Back Seats and Side Galleries, each 1s.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 29th, will be represented, at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's Drama, in three acts, THE BENT LANE. To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's Drama, BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke (who returns to the stage for one night, for the purpose), Madame Celeste, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Miss Wyndham, Mr. Wright, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Miss M. Oliver, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. Billington, Miss Arden, and the Company of the Theatre.
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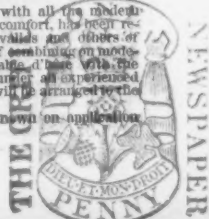
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The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held in Edinburgh, on the 6th May, David J. Thomson, Esq., in the chair. The Report by the Directors stated, that the number of Policies issued during the year ending 1st March last, was 638, the sums thereon assured being 300,440l., and the Annual Premiums thereon 9680l.—all of which exceed, in every particular, those of the previous year.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An anonymous correspondent writes us a letter on the subject of a notice of the Rev. P. S. Despres' pamphlet on the Second Advent, which appeared in our Journal of May 1. In this letter we are told: "It would seem that the reviewer, as well as the author, has come to a somewhat singular conclusion by supposing that the inspired Apostle, in speaking of the fall of the mystical Babylon, must have meant to allude to the fall of Jerusalem!!" In reply to this we have only to say that the letter-writer—so far as we are concerned—has stated quite the reverse of fact. We expressed no concurrence whatever in Mr. Despres' opinion. All that we said was: "Mr. Despres must be a thorn in the side of the Millenarians. He has already published his belief that the prophecies contained in the Apocalypse have been fulfilled, and that 'Babylon the Great' meant neither Rome Pagan nor Papat, but Jerusalem." After misrepresenting what we said, the writer goes on to show his own ignorance and presumption as follows:—"Allow me to ask how the Apostle could predict an event which had actually taken place some years previously! In order to avoid such Hybernian (sic) conclusions in future, might it not be well to give some little attention to chronology?" In reply to this, we may state that it is precisely on chronological grounds that Mr. Despres has arrived at his conclusion, and that our correspondent clearly knows very little of the Apocalyptic controversy, since he does not seem to be aware that a Neronian date has been assigned to the composition of the Apocalypse by some of the best Biblical critics, among whom may be mentioned the eminent Professor Stuart.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

GREAT things are expected of the Educational Conference, because great words have been spoken there; but, although we look upon the movement with a hope of some good, we must beg leave to remind the over-sanguine that deeds are not invariably the consequences of words. We can do no more than refer in general terms of admiration to the speech which Prince ALBERT read to the meeting, and to the many other excellent speeches that were spoken. What seem to have a tendency somewhat more practical are the four resolutions arrived at by the four sections, which we here subjoin:—

1. That, in the opinion of this Section of the Conference, the greater number of the children of the working classes in the agricultural, manufacturing, and mining districts are removed from school when from nine to ten years old, and that their removal at so early an age in great measure destroys the effect of the education provided for them. 2. That this section, having inquired into the causes of such early removal, is of opinion that it is not commonly to be traced to the poverty of parents, but, in some instances, to objections to the rules of the school, in others to its impractical character, in others to an undervaluing of education by parents from the inefficiency of the education which they themselves received; and, as a general rule, to the state of the labour market, which imparts great value to the labour of children, and thus leads, first, to employers of the parents requiring the labour of the children; second, to disolute parents living upon the wages of children's labours; third, to a premature and ruinous independence of life and action among the very young; all of which causes lead to the withdrawal of the children from the school. 3. That the section cannot express these conclusions without adding that, in its opinion, while some protection of children from too early labour may, in certain cases, become necessary, it is in the improvement of education by moral and religious influences, rather than by legislation, that the greatest remedy for these evils must be found.

That it appears that in Germany and Switzerland the regulations in force have produced a very general attendance in primary schools on the part of the children of the labouring classes between the ages of five and fourteen, and that the proportion of children in daily attendance at school is one in six of the population of Prussia and some other States of Germany, and one in five in Switzerland. In Holland the attendance at school is estimated at one in eight of the population; and among other regulations for promoting such attendance the forfeiture of the right of a parent to receive parochial relief, in the event of his having neglected to send his child regularly to school, has been efficacious. In France one in eight of the population are in primary elementary schools, exclusive of infant schools, and the age of leaving school is ordinarily regulated by the age at which the children are admitted, if Protestants, to confirmation, and if Roman Catholics, to the administration of the Holy Communion. That age is most frequently eleven in great towns, and varies from twelve to fifteen in other parts of the country. Various measures adopted in central and northern Europe for the extension and improvement of popular education are deserving of careful consideration, so far as they can be adapted to the circumstances and opinions of this country.

That in the opinion of this Section the certificate and prize schemes adopted in certain localities are,

from their hopeful results, deserving of more extensive trial, as an appeal to parents of elementary scholars to afford to their children a more regular and longer attendance at school, and to the employers of labour, and to the wealthier classes generally, to encourage the parents of such scholars to make the personal sacrifices requisite for this object. That in carrying into execution these schemes, and others brought under the consideration of this Section, it is desirable to keep in view the following principles:—That such schemes should be regarded only as subsidiary to other agencies for acting upon the irregularity and insufficiency of the time of school attendance. That they should aim at enlisting the co-operation of employers of labour, of the Government in its administration of appointments, and of the trustees of apprenticeship funds. That they should be formed with due regard to character and conduct, as well as intellectual attainment. That the Section regards with peculiar interest the application of prize and certificate schemes to evening schools which educate young persons from thirteen years of age to twenty, and which may thus hope to preserve them from degrading and sensual habits.

That, in the opinion of this Section, the careful examination of the results of instruction in good half-time schools, as compared with the results of instruction for the ordinary full time in the same or the like schools, is fraught with important results affecting the whole scheme for the labouring classes. That in large factories or farms the system of relays is advisable each half-day; but that, under circumstances of practical difficulty, the alternate day or week would be preferable. That it is expedient to encourage night-schools as places of primary or secondary instruction, in which subjects having relation to the specific labour of the locality should be taught by certificated or other competent masters. The Section believes that the establishment of evening schools of this class will do much towards remedying the deficient state of education among both the younger and adult members of the working classes. That, if the voluntary system is to be worked with success, an appeal must, in the first instance, be addressed to employers, whose preference of instruction will, by stamping a material value upon education, materially tend to secure the co-operation of parents.

These resolutions form a very interesting record of the results of the inquiry conducted by the conference, and we sincerely trust that the labours of that conference may be efficacious in procuring a better system of education for our industrious poor.

A short time ago we took occasion to call the attention of our readers to the unsatisfactory condition of our public schools with reference to instruction in the English language; a little pamphlet which lies before us, and which (we understand) has as yet only been privately circulated, tends to the conclusion that the instruction which even the noblest of our youths enjoy in the French language, is not invariably of a much higher quality. The pamphlet is directed against an elementary work by M. BRASSEUR, Professor of the French Language and Literature in King's College, and formerly tutor to the PRINCE OF WALES.

For instance (says the author of the pamphlet), in a fable (p. 31) an old carp says to young imprudent fishes: "craignez la ligne du pêcheur" ou "l'épervier plus dangereux encore." How do you think l'épervier is translated? By the word "HAWK!" Bless me! I recommend strongly this rather free translation to the able Professor of Zoology at King's College, and beg him respectfully to tell his colleagues that the hawk was never a member of the numerous tribe of fishing-birds, and cannot be reckoned, even by a *traduttore traditore*, among the pelicans, cormorants, and other palmpeds. The most imprudent of young fishes, far from having anything to fear from the hawk, have only to thank him for the war he makes on the heron, their enemy. The hawk can be dangerous only to sparrows and to eminent professors not perfectly acquainted with the English language or with the large *sweep-net* known in France under the name of "épervier."

What can M. BRASSEUR urge against a charge so direct and convincing?

The opening of the South Kensington Museum has set people thinking whether something good may not come out of Kensington after all. Judging from the hasty inspection which we have been able to make, we believe that we are justified in asserting that this institution is destined to play a most important part in the out-of-school education of the inhabitants of London. It is, in fact, only another demonstration of that great scheme of national education through the medium of the Fine Arts which is slowly but surely declaring its existence and efficacy. Sydenham, Dublin, Manchester, — these are but expressions of the same idea which has prompted the Kensington Museum. In devising the scheme for the arrangement of this collection the aim of the Commissioners of Edu-

cation has been directed to this single result, the attainment of the useful. Their declared objects have been: Firstly, to train male and female teachers to give instruction in art, to certify them when qualified, and to make them annual fixed payments, varying according to their acquirements. Secondly, to aid and assist committees in the provinces desirous of establishing schools of art. Thirdly, to hold public inspections and examinations, and to award medals and prizes to the most deserving candidates. Fourthly, to collect together works of art, pictures, &c., in the central museum, and books and engravings in the central library. Fifthly, to circulate among the schools of art objects from the museum, and books and engravings from the library. It is in consequence of the fourth object here stated that the Kensington Museum has been founded; and it is gratifying to observe with what zeal and alacrity the scheme has been carried out. The gallery of pictures presented to the nation by the Rev. Mr. SHEPHERDSON is for the present the greatest attraction in the collection, and it deserves so to be; the other saloons in the building are devoted to models of mechanical contrivances and specimens of all the apparatus of school instruction. We were pleased at observing that this apparatus did not include a single birch rod or sugar-cane; these articles, we presume, being considered to be luxuries fit only for the aristocratic *ahhnni* of Eton and Winchester. Next comes a collection of works of art, ancient and modern, very well selected, and containing many originals, and copies of great value. In one of the corridors are some models of Greek architecture. There are, also, good collections of glass and porcelain, metal-work, mosaic, and other works of decorative art. The walls of one corridor are adorned with photographic delineations of celebrated works of art, and in the gallery above this are illustrations of modern sculpture. To exhaust all the beauties of this excellent museum would require many and very attentive visits, and we heartily recommend our readers to go and judge for themselves.

When, a fortnight ago, we testified our belief that there would be no appeal to the public on behalf of the family of the late DOUGLAS JERROLD, a committee of some of the most respectable gentlemen in the metropolis were taking very active measures to demonstrate that we were mistaken. An appeal is to be made (in point of fact, it is being made), and that in a very effective shape. Seven entertainments have been projected, two of which have already taken place, and the others are to follow in due course. The programme of these entertainments will be found in the advertising columns.

A goodly programme, and one likely to bring money. But at the risk of being considered captious we must be permitted to ask—is money wanted? If it be, God forbid that we should write one word that could stop a farthing on its flight into the store of the widow and the fatherless; but DOUGLAS JERROLD was a proper man—as prosperous as any, and more prosperous than many, of the men who are now exerting themselves to do this thing. If a man cannot provide for his family out of an income of 2000*l.* a year, with what sum can he be expected to do that duty which seems incumbent upon every citizen but the man of letters? We have no doubt that our criticism upon this matter will excite the ire of some fine gentlemen who, if their hearts were laid open, would be found to have no better motive than the trumpeting of their own names. There are men now going about the streets, with crape on their hats, saying, "Poor Jerrold! how we miss him!" who were never in his company twice in their lives, and who never got anything from him but a merited sarcasm for their folly. We must confess that we have no patience with this mockery. Let it be fairly and openly shown that the family of Mr. JERROLD really requires assistance, and many men will give according to their means, without taking a "Personal Narrative" or a "Christmas Carol" for their change. The committee of gentlemen which organised these entertainments may say that no one has aught to do with the application of the money, and that they, having earned it, will have a right to apply it as they see fit. So they would if they did not put "the remembrance of their deceased friend" at the top of their bill. The mention of JERROLD virtually converts it into an appeal *ad misericordiam*, and, in our opinion, the public ought to be distinctly informed whether or no charitable aid is needed. If it be not, we hope that the family of Mr. JERROLD will take a high tone in the matter,

and will repudiate a transaction which fixes upon the memory of their father a stigma of the most inexcusable improvidence.

The Oxford Commemoration has left its accustomed fall of laurel-leaves upon the brows of the heroes of the year. Arms still appear to carry the day; for among the most prominent of the new Doctors of Civil Law, and certainly those most affected by the students, were Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, the hero who helped to win Balaclava, and Sir FENWICK WILLIAMS, the hero of Kars. Sir JOHN MACNEILL is another representative of the service. Among the other graduates for this honorary degree we find the names of LIVINGSTON, the African explorer; ROBERT STEPHENSON and I. K. BRUNEL, the engineers; Mr. DALLAS, the American minister; Dr. WAAGEN, the Berlin connoisseur; Dr. FARR, the statistician; Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS; and Sir CHARLES NICHOLSON, the Provost of the University of Sydney. The undergraduates distributed their praise and blame with great liberality. Mr. DALLAS and Dr. WAAGEN received the best share of the latter.

Really English men of letters ought to be deeply indebted to "the gentlemen of the American press," for the sedulous attention with which they study their incomings and their outgoings. The personal friends of a well-known gentleman who has for some time devoted his time (and not without profit) to the amusement of the public, will be amused in no small degree with the following piece of special "information," clipped from the instructive columns of the *New York Tribune*. We have left a few blanks for obvious reasons.

... So long a struggler and straggler in periodical literature, by which he earned a moderate but uncertain income during eighteen years, has actually made a fortune by his ... entertainments, and seems resolved to live handsomely on it. At ... this fortunate ... has bought two or three acres of land (which is dear enough in that place), and has nearly completed the erection of a strange-looking villa, in which every known order of architecture is set at defiance, and a new composite style, which may be called the Comfortable, set up instead. This mansion is to be not only snug, but magnificent, in parts. There is a ball-room of great magnitude; a dining-room of ample dimensions; a library adapted or 10,000 volumes; and a barrack-room to accom-

modate eighty to 100 bachelor guests at a pinch. Since the erection of Abbotsford, never has any man of letters gone so largely into brick and mortar as ... As a poor man, he was harsh and haughty; as a rich one, he is amiable and kind. The better qualities of his nature seem to have been brought out by prosperity, which too seldom has this effect.

Such a monstrous erection of fiction upon such a small plot of fact (nothing like two or three acres) is, as Jeames would say, *emusing*. Nor can we withhold our admiration from the epithets "harsh and haughty," which are attributed to the character of ... in his less prosperous days. They remind us of what we have heard about the Civil Service Examinations. The examiners always find that when a particularly ignorant man is required to give the character of some great personage of whom he possesses no definite information, he invariably sets him down as "arrogant and austere."

The misunderstanding between Miss KAVANAGH and Mr. NEWBY respecting the authorship of "The Hobbies" has drawn the following communication from the former:—

Sir,—Mr. Newby, with the view of extenuating his conduct in putting my name as editor on the title-page of "The Hobbies" without my consent, has asserted that I had previously sanctioned such an announcement being made by another publisher. I am therefore compelled to state most distinctly that this is the reverse of the truth, as I positively refused to allow my name to be made use of.

I purposely confine myself to this point, because the other circumstances alluded to by Mr. Newby have no direct bearing on his unwarrantable use of my name.

I also wish to add that before writing the letter which I addressed to you on this painful subject, I ascertained from my solicitor that he had not been able to see Mr. Newby, that he had not heard directly from him, and that he was not aware of any steps having been taken to withdraw my name from the title-page of "The Hobbies," copies of which book, with the first title-page, I knew to be at the libraries, and in circulation at the time.

London, June 18, 1857.

JULIA KAVANAGH.

The art of advertising has received a new contribution to the numerous "dodges" of which it can already boast. A new monthly, by a barrister, is announced in very large letters as being of the "SAME SIZE AS 'LITTLE DORRIT.'"—Mind you, not by the author of "Little Dorrit;"

but, "the same size as 'Little Dorrit.'" Now, "Little Dorrit" is, we believe, what printers call "demy octavo," and we should not wonder that a vast number of other publications would be found to answer the same description perfectly. Why, therefore, any reference to "Little Dorrit" at all?

One of the literary curiosities of the late War (and, certainly, not the least important) will be the publication of Mrs. SEACOLE, lately issued, with "a preface by W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., *Times* correspondent." It is attractively entitled "Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole in many Lands," and is "dedicated by permission to Major-General Lord Rokeby."

Messrs. LONGMAN announce as "nearly ready," "Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home, a story of Australian Life, by WILLIAM HOWITT;" "The Voyage of the Resolute," by Capt. M'DOUGALL; "Two Years' Cruise of Tierra del Fuego," by W. P. SNOW; and "Self-Treatment at Home," by Capt. M. RICHARDSON—a work on the cold-water cure. Messrs. MACMILLAN and Co., of Cambridge, have in the press, and announce as shortly forthcoming, ALEXANDER SMITH's expected volume of "City Poems." L.

SUMMER.

With a crimson flood of sunlight,
Like a regal robe wrapt round,
Summer is sitting, throned and crown'd;
And Earth, like a holiday city, drest
With flags and banners and pennons bright
For a conqueror's coming, hath don'd her best,
And flaunts in a flush of colour and light.
Green are the low silent valleys, and green
Are the woods, and the breezy wold,
And many a pleasure flaps in the air.
Its streamers of amber and gold
Purple the sides of the mountains grey,
Their tops in a sunny haze melting away;
And the brook in a glitt'ring wavelet breaks
Where the golden lily flutters and shakes,
Then over the rim of the granite walls
In a rainbow laughs, and flashes and falls.
And the grand old sea breaks joyously
Under the cliffs on the golden sand,
And the laughing waves, with their sunbright crowns,
Joyously roll on the laughing land.
Joy through the pillarless arch above;
Joy in the living ocean's round;
Joy in the old Earth, young for ever;
Joy—for the Summer is throned and crown'd!

J. J. BRITTON.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Antiquities of Kertch, and Researches in the Cimmerian Bosphorus. By DUNCAN M'PHERSON, M.D., &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THE enterprising, commercial, colonising Greeks had at an early period established colonies along all the shores of the Euxine. These colonies were principally founded by three great races—the Milesian, Dorian, and Athenian. At first and for a long period each colony was independent of all the rest; those of the same race were generally friendly, those of different race were often hostile. The general facts of the foundation and existence of flourishing Greek colonies in those regions have always been known to scholars from the relations of the old historians, from Herodotus downwards, and something of their political condition from time to time is gathered from occasional notices, when their history came in contact with that of the greater communities whose history has been transmitted to us; but of their internal history, of the degree to which Greek civilisation had been introduced into them, and of such like questions, of great interest to the archaeologist and the historian, we knew almost nothing, until modern researches brought to light the materials from which some safe and very interesting particulars on these subjects may be drawn.

Our business at present is with the ancient colony of Panticapæum, which is represented by the modern town of Kertch, and with Dr. M'Pherson's book upon it. But, since the whole of this portion of the world has acquired a deep interest for us, we shall enter sufficiently into the subject to give our readers some idea of the ancient history and condition of the Crimea generally.

The first Milesian colonists established themselves, in the seventh century before Christ, at

several points in the eastern portion of the Crimea, and the neighbouring shores of the Continent. Their principal cities were Theodosia, Parthenium (now Yenikale), Heracleum (now Arabat), and Panticapæum (now Kertch), in the Crimea; they had a great commercial mart in the Sea of Azoff, at the mouth of the Tanais (the Don). At first, as we have said, independent of each other, these Milesian colonies at length, in 420 B.C., were united into the kingdom of the Bosphorus, whose capital was Panticapæum. The Dorian race had established colonies in the western portion of the Crimea, the chief of which was Cherson, near the modern Sebastopol. The narrow neck of land, between Arabat and Theodosia, was then traversed by a fortification, which divided the rival colonies, who were continually at war with one another. We know nothing of the early princes of the Bosphorus, except that they were styled Archæanactides, and claimed to be descended from Neoptolemus, who, on the death of his father Achilles in the Trojan war, is fabled to have migrated to these coasts. The first of these princes whose name is recorded in history is Spartacus, about 480 B.C. In the inscriptions he and his descendants are styled Archons of Panticapæum and Theodosia, and Kings of Scudi, Soret, and Dandari—archons, chief magistrates, of the Greek colonists; kings of the native and subject populations. The next of whom we read was Leucon, who is called the seventh King of the Bosphorus. He reigned for forty years over a wealthy and flourishing kingdom. During a great scarcity in Greece, he sent as a present to his friends the Athenians 100,000 bushels (medimna) of wheat; this gift is mentioned by Demosthenes in his oration against Settimus; and he alludes to Theodosia, where Leucon resided, as being then one of the most famous cities of the world. Leucon also abolished the export duty on corn to the Athenians. The extant coins and medals of the princes of the Bosphorus begin with

this Leucon; they give us the names of the four princes next in succession, and then intervenes a blank of 150 years. At the end of that period (about the middle of the 4th century B.C.) Periscades was king; who being pressed by the Scythians, and feeling himself unable to resist them, he and his people resigned their independence to Mithridates, the great King of Pontus (whose capital was on the site of another spot famous in our recent annals, Sinope). Mithridates at the same time extended his sway over the Chersonesians in the remaining portion of the Crimea. Mithridates made his son Pharnaces his lieutenant over these new acquisitions. When Mithridates was defeated in Pontus by Pompey, he fled with 300 horse to his kingdom of the Bosphorus, and began to make preparations for a descent upon Italy; but Pharnaces stirred up a revolt of the troops encamped before Panticapæum and of the fleet moored in its harbour; and the old King retired into the fortress-palace, and there, with his two favourite daughters, ended his life with the poison which he always carried about him.

The Romans rewarded the traitor Pharnaces with the sovereignty of the Bosphorus and the Chersonese; but, making an attempt to wrest the remainder of his father's dominions from the Romans, he was defeated by Julius Cæsar. It was this battle which Julius Cæsar prefaced with the speech beginning "shall this treacherous parricide go unpunished," and of which he wrote to the senate his memorable message, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" A succession of thirty-five other princes ruled the kingdom of the Bosphorus, under the supreme authority of the Romans, extending down to the year 340 A.D. Then successive waves of the great flood of the invasion of the barbarians swept over this portion too of the civilised world. First the Alans ravaged the country, and then the Goths displaced them. In these

invasions the colonists of Cherson had contrived to retain their independence; in the time of Diocletian they had centered in themselves the commerce of the Crimea; they gradually occupied the whole of the Crimea and the opposite coasts of the Cimmerian Bosphorus; they were converted to Christianity, and received bishops from Constantinople. Then the Huns and Kzars poured down from the interior of Asia and swept over the Crimea; and other nameless folk-waves succeeded them on their way to the destruction of the empire of the East; until the Mogul Tartars in the thirteenth century remained masters of this portion of the world. Towards the decline of the Eastern Empire the Venetians had imitated the Greeks of old in establishing commercial settlements in the Black Sea. Their forces displaced the ancient line from the throne of Constantinople and seated a Latin upon it, and monopolised the trade of the Euxine, which then included the largest portion of the trade of Asia Minor, Persia, and the Indies. Their rivals the Genoese succeeded in restoring the Greek dynasty, and received for their reward the commercial monopoly of the Venetians. The Genoese raised the Crimea to a greater degree of commercial prosperity than it had ever before enjoyed. They founded a kind of empire, of which Theodosia was the capital, and which lasted for 200 years; and the ruined castles by which their settlements were protected still remain as monuments of their departed power. One of them we all remember well, which dominated, picturesque and useless, over the harbour of Balaklava. In 1473 the haughty colonists were humbled by the might of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople. They were transported to a suburb of the imperial city, and their old rivals, the Venetians, again by treaty obtained the trade of the Euxine—whose richest streams were, however, soon to be diverted into other channels. In 1771 the Russians finally wrested the Crimea from the Empire of the Turks, grown old and decrepit in its turn, and it became a favourite summer residence of the Russian nobility, almost forgotten in Europe, until it became the battle-field in which the Empire of the East was once more contested; and the greatest siege which history records, the most obstinate and skilful defence, the most heroic endurance, great battles, and brilliant exploits, have made every mile of its soil familiar to all Europe, and have rendered its chief places memorable for ever.

The country on both the western and eastern shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus (the Straits of Yenikaleh) is thickly dotted over with tumuli, some of them conical hills, some of them in the form of long ridges of hill; they vary in size from 10ft. in circumference and 5ft. high, to 400ft. in circumference and 150ft. high. Very many of them are of large size, 100ft. being not an unusual height. The tradition of the country is, that they are the burial-places of the ancient princes of the country. For hundreds of years these graves have been continually plundered of their valuable contents; and tradition has handed down marvellous tales of the heaps of precious metal which have occasionally been found in them. The Genoese are known to have explored the largest and most valuable of them for the sake of their treasures; and, from time to time, the inhabitants of the country have carried on operations upon them for their private profit. At length, about forty years ago, the Russian Government took them all under its protection, had them carefully surveyed and mapped out, and has ever since caused explorations to be conducted, under proper scientific superintendence. The progress and phenomena of the explorations have been duly recorded, and the objects of antiquity which have been discovered have been carefully preserved for the study of the learned. The result of this wise measure has been the accumulation of a vast amount of information, and most valuable museums of antiquities, not only throwing important light upon the history of these Greek colonies but reflecting light also upon the history of Greek art generally; for many of the antiquities found are works of Greek art of the most valuable materials and of the highest character of art. In short, the collection thus formed, in extent, intrinsic value, and artistic and historical importance, is only to be equalled by the collections from Pompeii, or the graves of Etruria.

The range of the collection begins with Scythian antiquities, includes the whole period of the Greek colonisation, and extends down to the end of the Kingdom of the Bosphorus

under the Roman Empire. All the more valuable of these antiquities were, very happily as it proved, removed to the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage near St. Petersburg; duplicates, and many of the less valuable things—many of these, however, of great archaeological value—were left in the museum at Kertch. The fate of these latter is known from the letters of the *Times* correspondent. No precautions for their safety were taken by the commanders of the allied forces when they marched upon Kertch; the men broke in, and everything was wantonly smashed to pieces. "One might well wonder," says Mr. Russell, "how the fury of a few men could effect such a prodigious amount of ruin in so short a time. The floor of the museum was covered for several inches in depth with the debris of broken glass, of vases, urns, statuary, the precious dust of their contents, and charred lots of wood and bone, mingled with the fresh splinters of the shelves, desks, and cases in which they had been preserved. Not a single thing that could be broken or burnt any smaller had been exempt from reduction by hammer or fire. The cases and shelves were torn from the walls, the glass was smashed to atoms, and the statues pounded to pieces. It was not possible to do more than guess at what they had once contained. On ascending the ledge on which the cinerary urns had been placed, the ruin was nearly as complete. There was scarcely an urn or earthen vessel of any kind unbroken; the work of destruction was complete. One sentry placed at the door would have prevented all this discreditably outrage. For all I know, the Tartars may have joined in the destruction of the museum, or the Turks may have been the sole authors; but the blame will no doubt be attached to the civilised states whose officers and soldiers took the most active part in the operations against the enemy." We are sorry to be obliged to believe that the Turks were not the sole authors of the "discreditably outrage," but that the officers and soldiers of the civilised states do deserve some of the blame; for we ourselves have heard an English naval officer admit that he had amused himself by firing his revolver at some of the vases and statues in question. One can understand how it was; their organs of combativeness and destructiveness (as the phrenologists would phrase it) were intensely excited; there was no human enemy to smash; so they expended their pent-up energies upon everything which came to hand. We will venture to confess to our brother archaeologists that, when our young naval friend admitted his complicity in the "discreditably outrage," we did not break out into a passion and scold him well: we reflected that, if he did not appreciate Greek "fictilia," he had at least perilled his life for his country's cause; and the idea crossed our mind that perhaps that very combative frenzy which found vent in making potsherds of Greek vases, had done as much good for England and mankind as ever our archaeological appreciation of them would do.

The destruction, however, was not quite so complete as Mr. Russell's account would give the reader to understand; a quantity of inscribed marbles and bas reliefs escaped; and authority was given by Lord Panmure, then War Minister, to a committee, consisting of Dr. M'Pherson, Major Crease, and Major Westmacott, to select such as were considered worth transmission to the British Museum. In the book before us Dr. M'Pherson gives a descriptive catalogue of the forty-seven marbles thus selected, with engravings of some of the more interesting of them.

During the occupation of Kertch by the allied forces, the opportunity was taken to prosecute some excavations on the site of the ancient Panticapæum, and among the tumuli in its neighbourhood. The very handsome folio before us contains a careful account of these excavations, and very excellent coloured lithograph plans of the tombs, and representations of the principal antiquities which were discovered in them. If we have robbed the Russian savans of a little of the scientific labour which they were performing with such skill, science at least will not lose by it; for Dr. M'Pherson's researches were conducted with due care and knowledge, and his notes of the results of his diggings, together with his beautiful and costly plates, form a book which is not unworthy to range with the two fine folios in which the Russian Government has recently published an account of the previous discoveries.

Dr. M'Pherson at first directed his attention to

some of the groups of tumuli; but here he was not very successful. The construction of these tombs is as follows:—An excavation was made in the level soil, and a stone chamber was built in it for the tomb; in this was placed the body of the deceased, with the weapons, personal ornaments, and appliances of life, which it was the custom to bury with the dead; then the tomb was closed, the earth was filled in, and the mound was thrown up over it. The appearance of the soil confirms the tradition that the mound was continually increased by successive layers thrown up yearly,—probably on the anniversary of the death or interment. In one of the mounds Dr. Macpherson calculated that there were sixty-eight of these distinct layers of soil. But most of those which he explored had been previously opened by a shaft sunk from the apex—perhaps by the Genoese—and their valuable contents removed. The Doctor therefore turned his attention to the elevated plateau, above the present town, on which the old Greek city stood; and here his researches met with better success. In a large double Plate he gives a section of these discoveries, showing first a series of five graves cut in the rock, next a tunnel sloping into the earth, from which six vertical shafts have been sunk at intervals. Each shaft gives access to an arched stone chamber, which formed a tomb, in which the crumbling remains of coffins were found; and arranged on the floor and in the niches of the sides were the usual set of ornaments and implements. Near the top of each of the vertical shafts is a grave, dug into the side, containing a skeleton, who is thus, like a sentry; mounting guard in death, over the chamber of the dead below. The great interest of this set of tombs is, that the objects found in them are of precisely the same character as those which are found in the Saxon tombs in England. Many of the objects, for instance, in Dr. Macpherson's plates are identical with others in the plates of the "Inventorium Sepulchrale," which were taken from the Saxon graves in Kent. The conclusion to which archaeologists have arrived is, that this series of archæological chambers is a burial-place of Varangians, who were retained by the Kings of the Bosphorus, in imitation of the Varangian guard of the Emperors of Constantinople. Further on a little stone temple, 14 feet square, with arched top and painted frieze and ornaments, and with a little vestibule, was discovered buried under a tumulus. This had, however, been previously explored. But, extending their tunnel from this temple, the explorers came upon the most exciting and tantalising of all their discoveries, a vertical shaft of size far exceeding any of the others. This they excavated to the bottom, a depth of 52 feet, finding the bones of a horse, and several human skeletons, apparently *in situ*, at different depths, and fragments of pottery, beads, and a few articles of copper. Dr. M'Pherson's persuasion is that this shaft was the access to a tomb or a series of tombs of great importance; but all attempts to discover the entrance to such sepulchral chambers were unsuccessful.

A brief catalogue of the plates which illustrate the work, beautifully executed in chromolithography, will serve to give our readers an idea of the interest of the objects of antiquity which were discovered in these ancient sepulchres. The title-page gives a view of the modern town of Kertch, with the Mons Mithridatis, and the elevated plateau, the site of Panticapæum, behind it. The frontispiece gives a topographical sketch of this plateau, showing sections of the stone tombs, the Varangian tombs, the great shaft, and the temple, already described. Plate I. exhibits some fragments of carved ivory, a bust and bracelets of gold, of beautiful Greek workmanship, which were found in a tumulus six miles east of Kertch. Plate II. gives a view of the five tumuli called the Five Brothers, with sections showing the sepulchral chambers which were discovered beneath two of them: this plate gives an admirable idea of the appearance of these conical hills dotted over the plain. Plate III. is a bronze Greek vase, of very fine shape, with ornamented lip and foot and handles. Plate IV. represents a group of the beautiful thin glass bottles, cups, phials, &c., from the Varangian tombs. Plate V. contains bronze fibulæ and buckles, also from the Varangian tombs: the fibulæ are of the peculiar type—semicircular at the top, with projecting knobs radiating from the semicircle—which are occasionally found in Kent and in Germany, and are the prevailing type in the Frankish cemeteries. Plate VI. gives another group of glass, a

fine jug of a claret-jug shape, bottles of various shapes, and a drinking-cup of glass. Plate VII. shows a couple of earthenware vessels, three earthenware lamps, and a necklace of beads. Plate VIII., a statuette of a man (in terracotta), a bas-relief female head which has formed an ornament of a vase, a Greek vase of black ground with red figures upon it, an alabaster bottle, and a necklace of beautiful glass variegated beads, of a character found in the Saxon graves in England, and in other parts of the world, and not improbably imported from the East. Plate IX. gives a group of Greek vases of early character, with black figures on a red ground. Plates X. and XI. give on both sides copies of the symbols and inscriptions which occur on the Greek amphore; and Plate XII. gives engravings of a dozen of the coins which were discovered in the soil during the excavations (none of them in the tombs themselves). We have only in conclusion to thank Dr. M'Pherson for having introduced the English public to this interesting series of discoveries, and to congratulate him on having brought out his book in so sumptuous a style as to make it not only a luxurious *bonne bouche* to the antiquary, but also a beautiful book of ancient art for the drawing-room table, and a literary monument, too, of the campaign in the Crimea.

The History of Dumbartonshire from the earliest to the present time. By JOSEPH IRVING. Dumbarton: J. Irving.

AMONG the many interesting and beautiful shires of Scotland, there are few more so than that of Dumbarton. What with the beautiful scenery it includes—the double Dun, which rises proudly over the town bearing the old castle on its brow, the fair valley of the Leven winding up to meet Loch-Lomond, and that magnificent lake itself—the memories of such eminent men who have sprung from it, as George Buchanan and Tobias Smollett, and the thousand romantic stories of old feuds and raids and battles which cluster around its mountain-districts—it has become a county as dear, notwithstanding its comparatively small size, as any other in broad Caledonia, to the antiquary, the lover of nature, and the poet. Mr. Irving, in the massive volume which lies before us—a volume of 564 large octavo pages—has set himself, with incredible industry and great skill, to collect and present in a readable shape all the traditions he can find about this interesting shire—a shire which, apart from other causes, is, from its neighbourhood to Glasgow, the brain, and to the Clyde, the blood, of the West of Scotland, rising every day into greater consideration. The book he has thus compiled, though vast in size, is elastic in character. It looks like a mountain, but it reads like a monthly magazine. It is at once accurate and entertaining, full of facts, but full also of humorous touches, especially in its account of the doings of the *Kirk Sessions* of other days. And as to old Scottish manners and the incidents of ancient Scottish history, Mr. Irving has disclosed a perfect mine of novel information. The famous Rob Roy appears again and again, and makes almost as striking and picturesque a figure as he does in Scott's fiction. Altogether we recommend Mr. Irving's volume as one of the very best of the season, and as especially interesting to all who love Scotland in its scenery, its customs, its traditions, the wild events of its ancient history, and the imperishable products of its national genius.

APOLLODORUS.

History of the Royal Sappers and Miners. By T. W. J. CONNOLLY, Quartermaster of the Royal Engineers. (Second Edition.) London: Longmans. 1857.

THE issue of a second edition of this valuable piece of military history proves that the first supplied a void which had been felt. Mr. Connolly's epitome of the facts connected with the gallant and celebrated corps of Royal Sappers and Miners embraces the entire period from its formation in 1772 to October 1856, and comprises some of the most daring acts of warfare known in the history of the world. The defence of Gibraltar, the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, the reduction of St. Lucia, the Peninsular sieges, many dangerous and eventful expeditions abroad, and, "though last not least," the tremendous siege of Sebastopol—all these are but episodes in the historical roll of the Royal Sappers and Miners. But their labours have not been exclusively warlike; on the contrary, the peaceful arts and

sciences have benefited not a little by operations of the greatest importance successfully carried out by this corps. Thus, the trigonometrical operations of the Board of Longitude were greatly assisted by the Royal Sappers and Miners; the triangulation of the west and north coasts of Scotland; the explorations into the interior of New Holland; the survey of South Australia; the most daring experiments as to the use of the diving-bell, and, above all, the application of that instrument to the demolition and removal of the Royal George; the remeasurement of La Caille's arc at the Cape; the boundary surveys in North America; the survey of London, and eventually of the whole kingdom; the exploring parties after Sir John Franklin; the remeasurement of the base-line on Salisbury Plain—in these and many other important labours the Royal Sappers have either done the whole, or have taken the lion's share of the work. Even when doubts were expressed as to the stability of the Great Exhibition building of 1851, the Sappers undertook the duty of testing its efficiency at the peril of their own lives.

Since the publication of his first edition Mr. Connolly has made many additions and improvements. There are seventeen well-executed coloured engravings, respecting the various uniforms in which the corps has from time to time appeared.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs and Adventures of Felice Orsini, written by himself, containing unpublished State Papers of the Roman Court. Translated from the original manuscripts, by GEORGE CARBONEL. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 8vo.

IF ORSINI had had the good fortune to have perused, before writing, John Foster's essay "On a man's writing memoirs of himself," he would have omitted much of the small beer which he has chronicled in different parts of his memoir, which can have very little interest for the general reader. Children have fallen from balconies before now, have been declared precocious, have made boyish escapades. The great interest of his book is to be found in that portion of it where he appears as a liberal and daring conspirator. From his very boyhood he had imbibed notions of liberty, and a glow of patriotism was kindled in his breast by the events taking place around him. The revolution of 1831 inflamed all the youth of Italy, and Orsini did not escape the contagion. While a mere lad he was accused of being a liberal, and at the age of four-and-twenty he was a political prisoner. His first prison was at Imola, his second at Pesaro, where he was placed in a cell three yards long by four wide. In the prison there were at the time twenty-one prisoners who had been condemned to death. In his cell he says:

I could scarcely breathe; one day I knocked my head against the wall, and made a great noise, and at last they allowed me to have the shutters open, as the window was not glazed. This was at a considerable height, and the cell was visited every two hours. There was a straw bed, a blanket not too clean, and every kind of insect which delight in these abodes of misery. I was at length permitted to have some broth sent to me from without. I had been two days there already, when I heard an unusual noise of chains, cries, and singing; I heard some words, but enough to make me aware that of the twenty-one condemned to death, fourteen were sent to the galleys "a chiodo*" at Civitavecchia, and seven had been shot in the back. These were the unfortunate men who knocked on the wall of my cell at Bologna, and with whom I at that time corresponded. This made me sad. It showed me that the commencement of my imprisonment was not consoling. I heard the words death by shooting in the back, or the galleys "a chiodo" for life, and, finding nothing reassuring, I made preparations for the worst.

His third prison was the fortress of St. Leo, which he describes:

This castle of the ancient and powerful lords of Montefeltro was erected before the tenth century or thereabouts. It is seated on the top of a very elevated cone like the rock of the Appenines, and dominates all the neighbouring castles, opposite the hill on which is seated the ancient town and republic of San Marino. With a serene sky the misty outlines of the Zalanian mountains may be distinguished, and the view of the surrounding country from the castle walls is most magnificent. Before the invention of cannon it was impregnable, but now there are some ancient pieces of cannon and "spingarde"

* This means, that the prisoner is chained up for life to the wall of his cell, with a chain a yard long. The bed consists of a plank, and his chain is never unlocked until death.

upon the walls, and it is used as a prison for incorrigible political offenders, or those who are under process. Here the famous Cagliostro was confined in the last century. The air is excellent, but the cold is intense in winter, and I recollect passing the winter days there, wrapped up in an old blanket in a corner of my cell, with every tooth in my head chattering. The governor or commandante was named Dellanni, an ex-officer of Napoleon, who treated us as state prisoners. He was a man of education, and showed us all the kindness compatible with his position and duty. One day he came to see us, and brought the sad news that the brothers Bandiera had been shot, with several of their comrades, for an attempt at revolution in Calabria. We were turned into stone, and when he was gone we were all equally afflicted, and we felt that sorrow which all true patriots do, when they hear of the arrest or death of fresh friends, martyrs to the sacred cause for which we were then suffering.

His last prison, at this epoch of his life, was the fortress of Civita Castellana, in which he would probably have perished, had he not, with other political prisoners, been released through the general amnesty granted by Pio Nono, on his elevation to the see of Rome. This fortress had once been a pope's country residence, and is worth looking into where there is no gaoler to detain us.

It was erected by Pope Alexander VI., the celebrated Borgia, as a country residence. In the middle of the fortifications was a large tower, which commanded the surrounding country, and is separated from the other parts of the fortress by a ditch with drawbridges. There the commandant had his quarters. The ancient apartments of the Pope and his court are now used as receptacles for political prisoners. There are two stories on the ground floor, with a large court surrounded by porticoes, which communicated with many small cells; the first floor was disposed in like manner, except that on two sides there are entrances leading to two large halls, where the Popes held their banquets. From these halls we arrive at the ancient bedchamber of the Pope, which, during the time I saw it, was used as an infirmary for the prisoners. The room is small, with vaulted roof and thick walls; the ancient tapestry has disappeared, and probably the memorials of many a dark deed attributed to that terrible family. On the ceiling of the two great halls are many beautiful wood carvings richly gilt, and in a fine state of preservation. On the walls of the "loggia" looking on to the courtyard there are some fine remains of frescoes, which for the most part represent obscene subjects—a most eloquent proof of the taste of that Pope and his court, whose scandals horrified Europe, and have left an infamous name even to our own day.

Orsini's latest prison, and we sincerely trust his last, was the castle of St. George at Mantua, from which he made his celebrated escape. His prison life here he has already related in his interesting little volume, "Austrian Dungeons." From the date of his release from Civita Castellana to his arrest by the Austrians on the borders of Transylvania, when he was transferred to his Mantuan prison, his life was an active and adventurous one. He lays himself bare before us, as a soldier, a diplomatist, a conspirator, with a little pardonable egotism. A man who has faced the enemies of his country, who has braved death in various forms, who has exhibited on every occasion the most chivalrous patriotism united with courage and skill, has some right to speak of himself. His memoir should be read by all who delight in records of personal adventure, and by all who take an interest in the liberties of Italy. The reader will learn from the documents he has published in his appendix the cursed system of policy pursued in the Roman states; he will further learn something of the fell tyranny of Austrian rule in Lombardy and Venice. His simple narrative cannot fail to rouse more than ever, the indignation of every freeman, and awaken the sympathies of every breast towards unhappy Italy.

Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la Sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritte per gran doglia porte.

Orsini's style is terse, masculine, and occasionally epigrammatic. There is no appearance of exaggeration in anything he has written. He speaks warmly of his friends, plainly of his political confederates, and wrathfully of his former persecutors and the enemies of his countrymen. He is a man of action, prompt and decided. It was he to whom was committed, by Mazzini, the task of suppressing the assassins of Ancona, in 1849, and through his coolness and determination he succeeded. His opinion with regard to revolutions we quote, as a specimen of his style and mode of argument.

In revolutionary movements it is impossible to

exact that obedience from a promiscuous assemblage of men which is to be expected from trained soldiers, because the latter devote themselves to their military duties only. In these kind of impromptu expeditions all the passions of humanity are roused; some act through ambition, some to better their fortunes, some to satisfy private revenge, and some for the sake of pure patriotism; but the latter are the least numerous. Every one must argue the point, make plans, &c., for which reason those who put themselves at the head of an expedition should possess a rare abnegation for the sake of the cause, or a considerable amount of hardihood. There is no escaping from this. These expeditions always have the germs of dissolution in them, and however well they may have been prepared, a very small unforeseen accident, the voice of one man alone tending to alarm his nearest comrade in the moment of danger, is sufficient to cause all to be lost. The chief in these cases has no influence, if we except his moral power, and it is very difficult to find a body of men who willingly submit. Man is led more by fear than love; so that men should be taken as they really are, and not as they ought to be, leaving dreams aside. It is very rare that such expeditions succeed; without seeking for ancient examples I can witness that since 1843 not one has succeeded. Revolutions should be made within cities, where all are interested, and then the youth are aware of the real state of things, and not be made from without, by a handful of exiles, who form false opinions from the exaggerated reports of some hot-brained individual. Those in the cities should organize themselves, study public opinion, the means of offence and defence, and rise; while the refugees without should maintain the opinion of foreigners favourable to revolution, nominate some officers of ability for the cities, and keep arms ready, which may be consigned when necessary. I would not at first believe these truths, but sad experience has convinced me. What can an expedition of thirty, forty, or a hundred exiles do? True, we have the example of the expedition from Elba; but there has only been one Napoleon in the world; he had genius, power of will, and the secret of generating enthusiasm whenever he appeared; the last acquired by his glories gained in the field. On our side we have had the *genius of words* but poverty in action.

We regret to have to say that there are signs of haste in the getting up of this book, and orthographical errors abound which we hope to see corrected in a forthcoming edition, which we have heard is promised; and thus we shall get rid of a new historian, "Titus," of a new assassin, "Cherla," and a new Italian word, "shaniero."

George Mogridge, his Character and Writings.
By the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS. London:
Ward and Lock.

THIS is a most interesting history of a man of rare worth, talent, and usefulness, better known as "Old Humphrey." It is now five years past since we had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Mogridge at a hospitable board in London. It was in the company of some eminent divines, including the lamented Dr. Harris. Mogridge, then enjoying a green old age, with silvery locks, but countenance and bearing comparatively young, was the life of the company. His forte seemed to lie in recounting incidents, in which, from the minuteness of his memory, the liveliness of his fancy, his command of graphic language, and the measured distinctness of his utterance, he excelled all men we ever met. The conversation happening to turn on subjects connected with the supernatural, or, as Alex. Smith has it,

Of dreams and feelings vague,

he recited some narratives of this kind, connected with his own experience, in a tone so earnest and spiritual, and in language so picturesque and striking, as to bush the whole table to silence like death, and to send a thrill of curdling interest through every heart. They were not exactly ghost-stories, but of that still more impressive sort where you are left in suspense as to the reality or non-reality of supernatural agency, and yet the interest is so intense as to "lift the skin from the scalp to the ancles." Besides this, in his manner there were a bonhomie, a grave vivacity, a kindness, and a simplicity, which at once commanded respect and conciliated regard.

His writings are just the man, expanded over many volumes. They are not profound in thought or classical in style, but full of lively incident, of glowing description, of striking similitudes, of philanthropic warmth, and of genuine Christian feeling. If our readers will peruse Mr. Williams's narrative, they cannot fail to be interested in the account he gives of the vicissitudes of Mr. Mogridge's career, of the

romantic incidents of his boyhood, of his early studies, of his misfortunes in business, of his entrance on the great world of London as a literateur, of his at first fluctuating progress, of the success of his "Old Humphrey" and "Peter Parley," of his habits, private manners, pious disposition, of his marriages, and of his death. In fact, and this is no small compliment, this volume is about as interesting as any volume in the "Peter Parley" or "Old Humphrey" series, and does great credit to Mr. Williams's talent, taste, and enthusiasm for his subject.

APOLLODORUS.

RELIGION.

Ecclesie Anglicanæ Officia Antiqua. Portiforii seu Brevarii Sarisburiensis, annotatione perpetua illustrati et cum Brevariis Eboracensi, Herefordensi, et Romano comparati, fasciculus primus.—Brevarii Sarisburiensis fasciculus secundus. Sanctorum Sanctarumque Communia, et Beatissime Virginis Officia, tam quotidiana quam hebdomadalia, provincie Cantuariensis, &c. Editor CAROLUS SEAGER, A.M. Londini: apud Whittaker et soc. 1855.

THE two small volumes before us constitute the breviary, which was the general one of the province of Canterbury, and so the chief English Prayer-book before the time of Edward VI. Such a document at all times, but peculiarly so at the present period, cannot fail to excite a deep interest. They have been carefully annotated, with critical and explanatory remarks also, by Mr. Charles Seager, whose reputation as a scholar has been long established.

Many of our readers will be doubtless much interested in comparing the work before us with the services of our Church now in use, some of which are but a literal translation of these which are here found. Others which are here set forth form no part of our present Liturgy; while in certain others very considerable alterations have been made. The Psalms, though the order of many of them has been changed, are nearly the same as in our present Prayer-book. The Litany is, however, very different to ours, and contains not only numerous invocations of the Virgin, but of a great number of saints as well. The "Prayer for the Clergy and the People" is inserted here, and is nearly in the same form as that which is now used; also that known as the second collect at Evening Prayer, commencing "O God from whom all holy desires," &c. In the service entitled "In vigiliis mortuorum," are contained several prayers for the dead, asking for their conduct by holy angels into the regions of the blessed, and for the intercession of the Blessed Virgin on their behalf. Some of the lessons here are the same as those used in our service for the burial of the dead. A service "In dedicatione ecclesie," will also be found in this ritual, as also several for occasions not now observed by our Church.

Much has been said lately about the expediency of inquiring into the forms of services used by the Church in bygone times, with a view to making some alterations in, or modifications of, certain of the prayers now used. A yet more useful task would be the investigation how far many of the services now in use have been actually varied, and that in essential points, by the translation of them from the original Latin into English; and here in important particulars there will sometimes be found a striking difference between the two. And it is remarkable that this is not only to a large extent the case with the Athanasian Creed, but that those clauses which by some persons are most objected to in our service, in the original Latin are greatly modified as to their meaning and the strength of their import. Thus, in the edition of it contained in the work before us, the words at the commencement of the Creed may be read, not "whosoever will be saved," but "whosoever is willing to be safe"—to hold the orthodox creed, "Quicumque vult salvus esse;" and so throughout this Creed. This, we maintain, is an important variance from the terms of the Athanasian Creed in our present Book of Common Prayer, where the doctrines maintained in each of the articles of that Creed are declared to be absolutely and indispensably necessary to salvation; and the concluding sentence asserts: "This is the Catholic faith, which except every one do keep faithfully he cannot be saved." In the Latin edition before us, the concluding words are "Salvus esse non poterit," which may be rendered, "he cannot be in a safe state." The

test is, in fact, imposed not as essential to salvation, but to constitute an orthodox believer. In the general Latin edition too of the Litany, which is not, however, in the work before us, there is one important variation which many might wish adopted into our form. Instead of the words "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us," the sentence in the original runs thus: "From sudden and unprepared for death," &c. ("A subitanea et improvisa morte.") Surely these variations in our translation from the original of the Litany deserve grave attention in any discussion about the requisite alterations to be adopted; and it is possible that in many cases a recurrence to the original, as in the instances before us, would serve to remove the passage objected to, and would at once terminate all controversy on the point.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE "Revision Question" is not allowed to sleep. Besides being made the subject of articles in reviews and magazines, it calls forth every now and then some able pamphlet like the following:—*Will the Version by the Five Clergymen Help Dr. Biber? or, an Examination of Dr. Biber's plan of Editing the Authorised Version with Marginal Renderings: including some Remarks upon the "Revised Version of St. John's Gospel."* By a Member of the Christian Knowledge Society. (London: Bell and Daldy).—Dr. Biber's proposal for meeting the revision difficulty has appeared to us so unsatisfactory, that we are not at all sorry to see it so thoroughly exposed as it is in the present publication. Nothing in fact could be conceived more clumsy than the proposal to crowd into the margin of our Bibles a number of various readings, which, were they even only so many as the five clergymen have proposed in their revision of St. John, could not possibly have any other effect than to confuse and distract the reader, especially if one not acquainted with the original language. "He would be very much startled," says our author, "on further examination. He would be very much startled, if, instead of being incorporated into his text, and made part of it, the emendations were placed in the margin. He would be very much startled, indeed, at finding that certainly in every third verse on the average, frequently in a dozen consecutive verses, and frequently in several instances in the same verse, he had to refer to his margin. It would annoy him to have his attention continually called off from his text; he would gradually lose all faith, either in the text or the margin—perhaps in both. He would say, and very reasonably, 'These marginal readings are important, or they are not. If they are, why not put them into the text? If they are not, why let them appear even in the margin?' At any rate, his devotional reading of the Bible would be thoroughly and most vexatiously interrupted. He would exclaim, 'What is the use of scholarship if it harasses me thus? Why do not these scholars, 'tis their trade, draw their conclusions, and give me the benefit of them, instead of perplexing me with renderings on the comparative merit of which I cannot decide?' If this be true, Dr. Biber's proposed marginal readings would not merely prove unprofitable, but absolutely detrimental. That an authorised revision must come eventually appears to be the opinion on all sides. Even the giant names of King James's translators are insufficient to avert this. It may be entered upon without any disparagement to their honesty, their employment of all the means of obtaining a pure text, and accurately interpreting it, which existed in their day. And, if there are expressions in the Authorised Version, which are at present obscure, or not according to our view consistent with refinement, we may be certain that, as these were not intended to be such, it would be according to the translator's mind to have them amended." Still the author thinks that we are not yet ripe for this revision, and he counsels us to wait until many more such attempts have been made as that of the revision of St. John by the five clergymen. Of the qualifications of those gentlemen for their self-imposed task, he speaks in the following terms:—"A variety of qualifications, indeed, is required for the task of revision; but not a few of these qualifications are here. Do we desiderate full knowledge of Scripture, dwelling upon its faintest intimations of meaning, power of combining unexpected coincidences of thought and expression, and withal the deepest reverence, consistently with true scholarship, for our Authorised Version? They are supplied by the author of 'The Great Forty Days,' whose pen indeed is traceable in the preface to the revised St. John. Or, is extensive acquaintance desirable, on the one hand, with our great English divines, and, on the other, with the bolder and more startling writers of modern Germany? The editor of Dr. Hicke's treatises may furnish the former, the commentator on the Greek Testament the latter. And if grammatical sagacity, and the strict weighing of words which becomes the scholar, be, as they certainly are, indispensable requisites, these also may be confidently looked for from the two remaining revisers—one of them the editor of the Acts of the Apostles; the other, of the Galatians, Ephesians, and Pastoral

Epistles of St. Paul." In this well-merited eulogium we need scarcely say that we heartily concur.

In the department of pulpit eloquence Scotland has always had some great names to boast of, from the days of Knox to those of Chalmers. Neither is there any danger of the succession failing; for has she not still her Guthrie and Candlish? The *Scripture Characters*, by Robert S. Candlish, D.D., Free St. George's, Edinburgh (London: Nelson and Sons), of which a new edition is now lying before us, is as eloquent a series of pulpit discourses as any that even Chalmers has left behind him. Take the following as a specimen, from a discourse entitled, "The Universal Characteristic." The preacher's text is: "And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation." Upon the last clause of this verse Dr. Candlish remarks thus: "And all that generation." The tide of mortality rolls on in a wider stream. It sweeps into the one vast ocean of eternity all the members of a family—all the families of a race. The distinctions alike of individuals and of households are lost. Every landmark is laid low. The various dates and manners of different departures are merged and overwhelmed in the one universal announcement, that, of all who at one given time existed on the earth, not one remains. Joseph is dead, and all his brethren, and all that generation. Some are gone in tender years of childhood, unconscious of life's sins and sufferings—some in grey-headed age, weighed down by many troubles. Some have perished by the hand of violence—some by natural decay. Here is one smitten in an instant to the dust—there is another the victim of slow and torturing disease. The strong man and the weak—the proud man and the beggar—the king and the subject—whether in prosperity and nursed by friends, or in dreary and desolate destitution, without a friend or brother to close the anxious eye—all are gone. The thousands have met their doom from a thousand different causes, and in a countless variety of circumstances. War, famine, pestilence, have had their innumerable victims. Crime has carried off, in one undistinguishable crowd, the ministers that did his pleasure—the dupes that fell into his snares. Prodigy has slowly preyed on the pining souls and bodies of her votaries. Accident has suddenly snatched the thread of life. The tyrant, mingling men's blood with their sacrifices—the falling tower, crushing its inmates under its weight—fire seizing the midnight dwelling, or the lonely ship in mid ocean afar—the assassin's knife—the poisoning cup—or the weary wear and tear of a prolonged battle with life's ills—all have achieved their triumphs over the proud race that lords it in this lower world. Grave after grave has been opened and filled; man after man has gone the way of all living; new bodies have been consigned to the silent tomb; new sets of mourners have gone about the streets. And now, of the entire multitude that at some one point of time occupied the earth, not one remains—all, all are gone. Various were their pursuits, their toils, their interests, their joys, their griefs—various their eventful histories; but one common sentence will serve as the epitaph of all,—"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation." This, we think, rings of the true metal. The subject is common, and such as only a man of true genius can adorn. Dr. Candlish's character of Herod the Tetrarch, or "weakness growing into wickedness," is, however, perhaps the best in the series; showing remarkable vigour of expression, and a most uncommon insight into the springs of human action.

On *Preaching and Preachers*; the Inaugural Address delivered Oct. 16, 1856, at the Opening of the New Baptist College, Regent's-park; with an Appendix containing practical remarks on Preaching and Preachers. By the Rev. JOHN LEIFCHILD, D.D. (London: Ward and Co.)—The counsels of a veteran minister like Dr. Leifchild upon a subject of this kind are so exceedingly valuable, that we are glad to find the author was induced to publish them. The principal thing upon which Dr. Leifchild insists as the foundation-stone of the usefulness of the Christian minister is that he should preach always the Divine nature of Christ. In the appendix are contained some useful observations on "the style and manner of pulpit ministrations."

The Divine nature of Christ is also strongly insisted upon in *The Incarnate Word: an Exposition of the first eighteen verses of St. John's Gospel; with two Introductory Discourses*. By a Protestant Layman. (London: Shaw.)—The exposition here given will be found very complete. The preliminary discourses are on faith and repentance—"an adequate appreciation of these two topics furnishing the keystone to the reception of Christianity."

Aphorisms and Opinions of Dr. George Horne (late Lord Bishop of Norwich); with Notes and a Biographical Sketch (London: Parker and Son).—Of Bishop Horne it is stated with elegant quaintness, in the tablet erected to his memory in Norwich Cathedral: "His commentary on the Psalms will continue to be a companion to the closet till the devotion of earth shall end in the Hallelujah of Heaven." The present small book of aphorisms and opinions propounded by him, culled from his various writings, or remembered as his sayings, will be found a most agreeable pocket companion. The contents are both witty and weighty, having a smack of Selden about them which

astonishes us when we recollect that the author was one of George the Third's bishops. Take the following as specimens: "It is with books as with animals; those live longest with which their parents go longest before they produce them." "Bees never work singly, but always in companies, that they may assist each other—a useful hint to scholars and Christians." "The divine, who spends all his time in study and contemplation on objects ever so sublime and glorious, while his people are left uninstructed, acts the same part as the eagle would do, that should sit all day staring at the sun, while her young ones were starving in the nest." "If a man's studies are dry, his compositions will be insipid. Distill a bone, and you will have a quantity of water." "Compliments uttered *pro forma* by those that hate one, bring to mind the ceremonies used in Spain, where a captain, never corrects his soldier without first asking his leave, and the Inquisition never burns a Jew without making an apology to him." These few extracts will serve to show the nature of the present publication, which cannot fail to justify the character given of Bishop Horne by his great contemporary Dr. Parr, that he was a man of a "playful fancy," with a "serious heart."

A *Concordance of the Prayer-book Version of the Psalms*. (London: Mozley.)—This carefully drawn-up concordance will be of "use to those of the clergy who have often lamented the want of such a help, and who treasure as a precious heritage the melodious strains of the Prayer-book version of the Psalms."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, in the years 1849-1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph. D.D.C.L. Vols. I. II. and III. London. 1857.

It is impossible, before the results of Dr. Barth's expedition are fully laid before us, to pronounce absolutely upon its comparative importance; but, judging from the instalment which we already have, we think it highly probable that it will rank only second to that of Bruce. Dr. Barth has, indeed, had the advantage of being preceded by Europeans over the greater part of the ground which he covered—but this was not invariably the case—routes have been traversed and places visited by him where civilised man never was before. The dangers to be encountered were therefore very great, and what the natural perils of such a journey were may be gathered from the fact, that out of the three travellers who set forth in high hope as leaders of the expedition, Dr. Barth alone returned to tell the tale. One by one they fell, the brave Richardson and the youthful and devoted Overweg, victims to that spirit of propagandism in science which is infinitely more glorious than the blind fanaticism which carries the preacher of idolatry into desert places.

Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg reached Tunis on the 15th of December 1849, and from thence proceeded direct to Tripoli. Here they waited for Mr. Richardson and for certain stores, materials, and instruments which had been promised by the British Government. Everything which was expected having arrived, the party started off towards the south on the 29th of March, and proceeded through the desert country south of Tripoli. Here they found plenty of Roman and some Christian remains, which are very fully described by Dr. Barth. On the 6th of May they reached Murzuk, where they had to wait for chiefs from the interior to take them under their protection. The journey was resumed on the 13th of June. On the 15th of July Dr. Barth met with a mishap which had well nigh brought his journeyings to an untimely end. He had wandered from the rest of the party, exploring and botanising, and soon found that he had lost his way in the desert:

Being already fatigued, the disappointment, of course, depressed my spirits, and I had to summon all my resolution and energy in order to descend into the ravine and climb the other side. It was now past ten o'clock; the sun began to put forth its full power, and there was not the slightest shade around me. In a state of the utmost exhaustion I at length reached the narrow pinnacled crest, which was only a few feet broad, and exhibited neither inscriptions nor sculptures. I had a fine prospect towards the S.W. and N.E.; but I looked around in vain for any traces of our caravan. Though exposed to the full rays of the sun, I lay down on my high barbacan to seek repose; but my dry biscuit or a date was quite unpalatable, and, being anxious about my little provision of water, I could only sip in an insufficient draught from my small water-skin. As the day advanced I got anxious lest our little band, thinking that I was

already in advance, might continue their march in the afternoon, and, in spite of my weakness, determined to try to reach the encampment. I therefore descended the ravine, in order to follow its course, which, according to Hatifa's indications, would lead me in the direction of the well. It was very hot; and being thirsty, I swallowed at once the little water that remained. This was about noon; and I soon found that the draught of mere water, taken upon an empty stomach, had not at all restored my strength. At length I reached the bottom of the valley. Hatifa had always talked as if they were to encamp at no great distance from the mountain; yet, as far as I could strain my view, no living being was to be seen. At length I became puzzled as to my direction, and, hurrying on as fast as my failing strength would allow, I ascended a mound crowned with an ethel-bush, and fired my pistols; but I waited in vain for an answer: a strong east wind was blowing dead against me. Reflecting a moment on my situation, I then crossed the small sand-hills, and, ascending another mound, fired again. Convinced that there could be nobody in this direction, at least at a moderate distance, I thought myself that our party might be still behind, and, very unluckily, I kept more directly eastward. The valley was here very richly overgrown with sebô; and to my great delight I saw at a distance some small huts attached to branches of the ethel-tree, covered on the top with sebô, and open in front. With joy in my heart I hastened on towards them, but found them empty; and not a living being was to be seen, nor was there a drop of water to be got. My strength being now exhausted, I sat down on the naked plain, with a full view before me of the whole breadth of the wadi, and with some confidence expected the caravan. I even thought, for a moment, that I beheld a string of camels passing in the distance. But it was an illusion; and when the sun was about to set, not being able to muster strength enough to walk a few paces without sitting down, I had only to choose for my night's quarters between the deserted huts and an ethel-tree which I saw at a little distance. I chose the latter, as being on a more elevated spot, and therefore scrambled to the tree, which was of a respectable old age, with thick tall branches, but almost leafless. It was my intention to light a fire, which promised almost certain deliverance; but I could not muster sufficient strength to gather a little wood, I was broken down and in a feverish state. Having laid down for an hour or two, after it became quite dark I arose from the ground, and, looking around me, desirous to ray great joy a large fire S.W. down the valley, and, hoping that it might be that of my companions, I fired a pistol, as the only means of communicating with them, and listened as the sound rolled along, feeling sure that it would reach their ears; but no answer was returned. All remained silent. Still I saw the flame rising towards the sky, and telling where deliverance was to be found, without my being able to avail myself of the signal. Having waited long in vain, I fired a second time—yet no answer. I lay down in resignation, committing my life to the care of the Merciful One; but it was in vain that I tried to sleep, and, restless and in a high fever, I tossed about on the ground, looking with anxiety and fear for the dawn of the next day. At length the long night wore away, and dawn was drawing nigh. All was repose and silence; and I was sure I could not choose a better time for trying to inform my friends, by signal, of my whereabouts. I therefore collected all my strength, loaded my pistols with a heavy charge, and fired—once—twice. I thought the sound ought to awaken the dead from their tombs, so powerfully did it reverberate from the opposite range and roll along the wadi; yet no answer. I was at a loss to account for the great distance apparently separating me from my companions, who seemed not to have heard my firing. The sun that I had half longed for, half looked forward to with terror, at last rose. My condition, as the heat went on increasing, became more dreadful; and I crawled around, changing every moment my position, in order to enjoy the little shade afforded by the leafless branches of the tree. About noon there was, of course, scarcely a spot of shade left—only enough for my head—and I suffered greatly from the pangs of thirst, although I sucked a little of my blood till I became senseless, and fell into a sort of delirium, from which I only recovered when the sun went down behind the mountains. I then regained some consciousness, and crawled out of the shade of the tree, throwing a melancholy glance over the plain, when suddenly I heard the cry of a camel. It was the most delightful music I ever heard in my life; and raising myself a little from the ground, I saw a mounted Tarki passing at some distance from me, and looking eagerly around. He had found my footsteps in the sandy ground, and losing them again on the pebbles, was anxiously seeking traces of the direction I had taken. I opened my parched mouth, and, crying as loud as my faint strength allowed, "âman âman (water, water), I was rejoiced to get for answer "îwah! îwah!" and in a few moments he sat at my side, washing and sprinkling my head, while I broke out involuntarily into an uninterrupted strain of "el amdu lillâhi el hamdu lillâhi!"

Soon after this the natives of the country through which they were passing began to be

troublesome; but the little party met them with great firmness, and found that an absolute refusal to concede any point which was urged in the form of a threat was the best policy. That which the natives seemed most anxious about was that the travellers should change their religion and become Mohammedans; but this they stoutly refused:

Our own people were so firmly convinced that, as we stoutly refused to change our religion, though only for a day or two, we should immediately suffer death, that our servant Mohammed, as well as Mukni, requested us most urgently to testify, in writing, that they were innocent of our blood. Mr. Richardson himself was far from being sure that the sheikhs did not mean exactly what they said. Our servants, and the chiefs of the caravan, had left us with the plain declaration that nothing less than certain death awaited us, and we were sitting silently in the tent, with the inspiring consciousness of going to our fate in a manner worthy alike of our religion and of the nation in whose name we were travelling among these barbarous tribes, when Mr. Richardson interrupted the silence which prevailed with these words:—"Let us talk a little. We must die; what is the use of sitting so mute?" For some minutes death seemed really to hover over our heads; but the awful moment passed by. We had been discussing Mr. Richardson's last propositions for an attempt to escape with our lives, when, as a forerunner of the official messenger, the benevolent and kind-hearted Slimán rushed into our tent, and with the most sincere sympathy stammered out the few words, "You are not to die."

On October the 9th the party reached Agades. One of the servants of the expedition, who is very appropriately nicknamed Mohammed the Foolish, very nearly succeeded in getting Dr. Barth into trouble with the population of the place.

Mohammed the Foolish succeeded in the evening in getting me into some trouble, which gave him great delight; for, seeing that I took more than common interest in a national dance accompanied with a song, which was going on at some distance E.N.E. from our house, he assured me that Hama was there, and had told him that I might go and join in their amusement. Unfortunately, I was too easily induced; and hanging only a cutlass over my shoulder, I went thither unaccompanied, sure of finding my protector in the merry crowd. It was about ten o'clock at night, the moon shining very brightly on the scene. Having first viewed it from some distance, I approached very near, in order to observe the motions of the dancers. Four young men placed opposite each other in pairs, were dancing with warlike motions, and, stamping the ground violently with the left foot, turned round in a circle, the motions being accompanied by the energetic clapping of hands of a numerous ring of spectators. It was a very interesting sight, and I should have liked to stay longer; but finding that Hama was not present, and that all the people were young, and many of them buzzaw, I followed the advice of Abdu, one of A'nur's slaves, who was among the crowd, to withdraw as soon as possible. I had, however, retraced my steps but a short way, when, with the war-cry of Islam, and drawing their swords, all the young men rushed after me. Being, however, a short distance in advance, and fortunately not meeting with any one in the narrow street, I reached our house without being obliged to make use of my weapon; but my friends the Kel-owi seeing me in trouble, had thrown the chain over the door of our house, and, with a malicious laugh, left me outside with my pursuers, so that I was obliged to draw my cutlass in order to keep them at bay, though, if they had made a serious attack, I should have fared ill enough with my short blunt European weapon against their long and sharp swords.

At the end of December the party found itself once more on the border-land of the desert; that is to say, the desert having been crossed, they were on the borders of the rich and fertile land of Central Africa, the home of the gazelle and the antelope. "Numerous footprints of giraffes were seen, besides those of gazelles and ostriches, and towards the end of the march those of the Welwayiji, the large and beautiful antelope called Leucoryz, from the skin of which the Sawarek make their large bucklers." On the 1st of February 1851 the party reached Kanó, a city in Central Africa, which is of equal importance with Timbúktu; although, from the fact that Bruce never visited it, its name is not so familiar to European ears. The following sketch of "Life in Kanó" will serve to teach the reader that life in London and life in the centre of Africa is much the same thing—it differs only in form and the colour of the skin.

Here a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet all intent upon their little gain, endeavouring to cheat each other; there a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked, half-starved slaves torn from their native

homes, from their wives or husbands, from their children or parents, arranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessities of life; the wealthy buying the most palatable things for his table; the poor stopping and looking greedily upon a handful of grain: here a rich governor dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle, insolent slaves; there a poor blind man groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down; here a yard neatly fenced with mats of reed, and provided with all the comforts which the country affords—a clean, snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low, well-rounded door, and forbidding intrusion on the privacy of life, a cool shed for the daily household work,—a fine spreading allélu-tree, affording a pleasant shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful gónđa or papaya unfolding its large feather-like leaves above a slender, smooth, and undivided stem, or the tall date-tree, waving over the whole scene; the matron in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed in "chó-koli" or bejaji, busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and at the same time urging the female slaves to pound the corn; the children naked and merry, playing about in the sand at the "urgi-n-náwaki" or the "da-n-chácha," or chasing a straggling stubborn goat; earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all cleanly washed, standing in order. Further on a dashing Cyprian, homeless, comfortless, and childless, but affecting merriment or forcing a wanton laugh, gaudily ornamented with numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair fancifully dressed and bound with a diadem, her gown of various colours loosely fastened under her luxuriant breast, and trailing behind in the sand; near her a diseased wretch covered with ulcers, or with elephantiasis.

The population of the city is about 30,000; but as it is a central commercial station, and is subject to considerable influxes of strangers, it sometimes reaches twice that number. The principal articles in the Kanó market are cotton stuffs, butter, kola-nut, and slaves. European goods are brought there in abundance; calicoes from Manchester, silks from France, and sword-blades from Solingen. It should be mentioned that, before reaching Kanó, Richardson separated himself from Barth and Overweg, and the story of his travels, with its sad catastrophe, became henceforth disconnected with theirs. These travels were but short. When Dr. Barth entered Borno, on the 24th of March, the first intelligence which greeted him was, of the death of poor Richardson. Three days afterwards he was at his grave.

Ngurútuwa,* once a large and celebrated place, but at present somewhat in decay, lies in a wide and extensive plain, with very few trees, about two miles N.E. from Bandégo; but the town itself is well-shaded, and has, besides kórna and bító, some widespread umbrageous fig-trees, under one of which Mr. Richardson had been buried. His grave, well-protected with thorn-bushes, appeared to have remained untouched, and was likely to remain so. The natives were well aware that it was a Christian who had died here; and they regarded the tomb with reverence. The story of his untimely end had caused some sensation in the neighbourhood. He arrived in a weak state in the evening, and early the next morning he died. The people had taken great interest in the matter; and the report they gave me of the way in which he was buried agreed in the main circumstances with that which I afterwards received from his servants, and of which I forwarded an account from Kúkawa. Unfortunately I had no means of bestowing gifts on the inhabitants of the place where my companion had died. I gave, however, a small present to a man who promised to take especial care of the grave; and I afterwards persuaded the vizier of Bórnu to have a stronger fence made round it.

The natives were at first inclined to seize Mr. Richardson's property, but owing to the firm and judicious conduct of Dr. Barth this infamy was avoided. The diminished party now pressed onwards through Bórnu to the country of the Marghi and the Wándala Mountains and through the mountain tribes and Mohammedan settlements in the heart of Central Africa. On the 20th of June the party reached Yóla, the capital of A'dama'wa, where it was not very favourably received. After many endeavours to win favour with the governor of the place they were repulsed; and, as Dr. Barth's health was beginning to give way, it is perhaps fortunate that they were com-

* Ngurútuwa, properly meaning the place full of hippopotami, is a very common name in Bórnu, just as in "Rúda-n-dorina" (the water of the hippopotami) is a wide-spread name given by Háusa travellers to any water which they may find in the wilderness.

pelled at this point to turn their steps homewards.

The return homewards was as adventurous as the journey out. On reaching Melé on the 19th of April 1852, Dr. Barth was seized and put in irons:

Perhaps the unexpectedness of such an occurrence was rather fortunate; for if I had in the least divined their purpose, I might have made use of my arms. But, taken by surprise and overpowered as I was, I resigned myself in patience, and did not speak a word. The people not only carried away my arms, but also all my luggage; and, what grieved me most, they even seized my chronometer, compass, and journal. Having then taken down my tent, they carried me to an open shed, where I was guarded by two servants of the lieutenant-governor. After all this trying treatment, I had still to hear a moral lecture given me by one of these half-pagans, who exhorted me to bear my fate with patience, for all came from God. Even my servants at first were put in irons; but when they protested that if they were not set at liberty I should have nobody to serve me, their fetters were taken off, and they came faithfully to me to soothe my misfortune. In the evening the slave of the alfa-bá mounted my horse, and, taking one of my pistols with him, rode off to Más-ená. Having remained silently in the place assigned to me till the evening, I ordered my servants to demand my tent back, and to pitch it in the old place; and, to my great satisfaction, my request was granted. Thus I passed the four following days quietly in my tent, and, although fettered like a slave, resigned to my fate. Fortunately, I had Mungo Park's first journey with me; and I could never have enjoyed the account of his sufferings among the Ludamar (Welád-Ammer) better than I did in such a situation, and did not fail to derive from his example a great share of patience. It was in this situation that, while reflecting on the possibility of Europeans civilising these countries, I came to the conclusion that it would be absolutely necessary, in order to obtain the desired end, to colonise the most favourable tract of the country inclosed by the Kwára, the Bénúwé, and the river Kadúna, and thus to spread commerce and civilisation in all directions into the very heart of the continent. Thus I wrote in my journal: "This is the only means to answer the desired end; everything else is vain."

April 23rd.—While lying in my tent in the course of the evening, my friend from Bákadi, Háj Bú-Bakr Sadík, arrived on my horse, and, being seized with indignation at the sight of my fetters, ordered them to be taken off without delay. I begged him to forgive me for having regarded myself as a free man, and not as a slave, not being aware of the real nature of my situation in this country. He, however, praised my conduct very highly, saying that I could not have acted otherwise than I did, and promising that I should now enter the capital without further delay of any kind.

During his stay at Másená Dr. Barth seems to have had opportunities of studying "the other sex" in Africa, and some of his experiences may be amusing to the reader. It should be remembered that throughout the whole of his journey the Doctor practised the healing art among the natives, a circumstance which very materially assisted him in his travels:

But sometimes the patients proved rather interesting, particularly the females; and I was greatly amused one morning when a handsome and well-grown young person arrived with a servant of the lieutenant-governor, and entreated me to call and see her mother, who was suffering from a sore in the right ear. Thinking that her house was not far off, I followed her on foot, but had to traverse the whole town, as she was living near the gate leading to A'bú-Gher; and it caused some merriment to my friends to see me strutting along with this young lady. But afterwards, when I visited my patient, I used to mount my horse; and the daughter was always greatly delighted when I came, and frequently put some very pertinent questions to me, as to how I was going on with my household, as I was staying quite alone. She was a very handsome person, and would even have been regarded so in Europe, with the exception of her skin, the glossy black of which I thought very becoming at the time, and almost essential to female beauty. The princesses also, or the daughters of the absent King, who in this country too bear the title of "mairam," or "méram," called upon me occasionally, under the pretext of wanting some medicines. Amongst others, there came one day a buxom young maiden, of very graceful but rather coquettish demeanour, accompanied by an elder sister, of graver manners and fuller proportions, and complained to me that she was suffering from a sore in her eyes, begging me to see what it was; but when, upon approaching her very gravely, and inspecting her eyes rather attentively without being able to discover the least defect, I told her that all was right, and that her eyes were sound and beautiful, she burst out into a roar of laughter, and repeated, in a coquettish and flippant manner, "Beautiful eyes, beautiful eyes."

The third volume concludes with an affecting description of the death of Dr. Overweg and his grave on the shore of the Tsáid:

It was a difficult task to take my sick companion to the desired place, which is distant from Kúkawa more than eight miles; and, though he began his journey on Thursday morning, he could not reach the desired place until the morning of Friday. Having made a present to our friend Fúgo 'Alí, that he might be induced to take sufficient care of him, and having left the necessary orders, I returned to the town in order to finish my dispatches; but the same evening one of the servants whom I had left with Mr. Overweg came and informed me that he was much worse, and that they were unable to understand a single word he said. I mounted immediately, and found my friend in a most distressing condition, lying outside in the courtyard, as he had obstinately refused to sleep in the hut. He was bedewed with a cold perspiration, and had thrown off all his coverings. He did not recognise me, and would not allow me or any one else to cover him. Being seized with a terrible fit of delirium, and muttering unintelligible words, in which all the events of his life seemed to be confused, he jumped up repeatedly in a raging fit of madness, and rushed against the trees and into the fire, while four men were scarcely able to hold him. At length, towards morning, he became more quiet, and remained tranquilly on his couch; and, not becoming aware that his strength was broken, and hoping that he might have passed the crisis, I thought I might return to the town. After asking him if he had any particular desire, he said that he had something to tell me; but it was impossible for me to understand him, and I can only fancy, from what happened, that, being aware that death was at hand, he wanted to recommend his family to me. At an early hour on Sunday morning Mr. Overweg's chief servant came to me with the sad news that the state of my friend was very alarming, and that since I had left him he had not spoken a word, but was lying motionless. I mounted immediately on horseback; but before I reached the place, I was met by a brother of Fúgo 'Alí, who, with tears in his eyes, told me that our friend was gone. With the dawn of day, while a few drops of rain were falling, after a short struggle, his soul had departed. In the afternoon I laid him in his grave, which was dug in the shade of a fine hájilí, and well protected from the beasts of prey. Thus died my sole friend and companion, in the thirtieth year of his age, and in the prime of his youth. It was not reserved for him to finish his travels, and to return home in safety; but he met a most honourable death, as a martyr to science; and it is a remarkable fact that he found himself a grave on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he has rendered his name celebrated for ever. It was certainly a presentiment of his approaching death which actuated him in his ardent desire to be removed to this place, where he died hard by the boat in which he had made his voyage. Many of the inhabitants of the place, who had known him well during his repeated visits to the village, bitterly lamented his death; and no doubt the "tabib," as he was called, will be long remembered by them. Dejected, and full of sad reflections on my lonely situation, I returned into the town in the evening; but our dwelling, which during my stay in Bagirmi my companion had greatly improved, and embellished by white-washing it with a kind of gypsum, of which he found a layer in our courtyard, now appeared to me desolate and melancholy in the extreme. While, therefore, originally it had been my plan to make another trial along the eastern shores of the Tsáid, any longer stay in this place had now become so intolerable to me, that I determined to set out as soon as possible on my journey towards the Niger—to new countries and new people.

Vacations in Ireland. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. London: Longmans. 1857.

MR. WELD, the able assistant-secretary of the Royal Society, here makes his appearance under a new aspect, namely, that of a merry, rollicking traveller; and admirably does he act up to the part. He spends several vacations very agreeably by visiting a cousin who keeps racehorses and hunters, and is, by all accounts, "a broth of a boy for the girls;" and this volume is one of the results of his adventures. To speak the truth, Mr. Weld seems to have quite the knack of doing at Rome as the Romans do, and to have enjoyed quite his fair share of good cheer and the smiles of Erin's fair daughters—

Don gáile—et la reste;

unless, indeed, in his travels he kissed "the Blarney stone" instead of "the coral reefs," and took a traveller's privilege of giving free scope to his imagination. Only to think that the chief actor in the following scene was no less solemn a personage than the Assistant-Secretary of the Royal Society—a gentleman who, officially speaking, should take cognisance of nothing more mundane than the measurement of a base-line,

and who has no business to go into extacies with anything short of a comet!

Of all vehicles that lend themselves best to the soft art of flirtation, commend me to an Irish outside car—that is, if you have the good fortune to sit next to the object of your admiration, otherwise you might as well be miles apart; but, side by side, with none to overlook you, there are ways and opportunities of improving an acquaintance which, it appears to me, no other carriage affords; so, without professing to be an adept in such matters, I venture to say that my drive to Kilkee did not cause my acquaintance with my young lady friend to cool, for the brother had, with very proper discrimination, allowed me to sit next to his sister-in-law, while he drove from the opposite side. But, pleasant as all this was, my sober Saxon blood began to chill as we drew near Kilkee, and the question which conscience put more than once, "How will all this end?" failed to receive anything like a satisfactory answer. My fair companion must have observed sober thoughts stealing over me, for she rallied me on my silence and gravity, to which I made answer as best I could, and

smiling, put the question by.

Fortunately, before much more could be said, we entered the little town of Kilkee, and in a few minutes stopped opposite a small neat house, which was the temporary abode of my new friend.

From flirtation in a jaunting-car to the highest regions of astronomical science is rather a violent transition; but Mr. Weld is capable of even that. When the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society was in Ireland, it was only natural that he should be welcomed by the President at his princely mansion, Birr Castle, near Parsonstown; and, being there, it followed as a matter of course that Mr. Weld should be introduced to and make himself thoroughly acquainted the world-famous telescope, which has been constructed with such marvellous ingenuity, and which reflects so much credit upon not only the scientific acquirements, but also the mechanical ingenuity of Lord Rosse. Mr. Weld's account of this leviathan "stethoscope of the skies," this searcher into the great pulsations of the universal heart, has already appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, from the pages of which periodical it is here reproduced. It is the best and most complete description of it which has been written. It details the whole process of the manufacture; the difficulties which the noble mechanic had to encounter; and how patiently and thoughtfully he met them, until from the resources of his skilful mind he drew the means of overcoming them. It describes the whole construction and working of the telescope; explains the high functions which it performs in the astronomical world; and portrays some of the effects produced by the great reflector. The two chapters, indeed, which are devoted to this topic are perhaps the most interesting in all Mr. Weld's most pleasant and entertaining book.

Pitcairn: the Island, the People, and the Pastor; to which is added an Account of the Original Settlement and Present Condition of Norfolk Island. By the Rev. THOS. BOYLES MURRAY, M.A., Rector of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, London, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Seventh Edition. 1857.

"It is a shameful and unblessed thing," says Lord Chancellor Bacon, "to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant, and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country, to the discredit of the plantation." Norfolk Island, of which this excellent work proclaims such good tidings, after its reformation by the withdrawal of criminals, is a striking witness of the far-sighted policy of the "wisest and brightest" of mankind, and of the slow progress England has made in putting into practice the elementary principles of jurisprudence so far as they relate to the punishment and prevention of crime. At the present moment there is apparently much vacillation and indecision on the question of penal discipline, and especially on the subject of transportation. One step was decided upon a few years ago, viz., the evacuation of Norfolk Island as a penal colony. Subsequently, the Pitcairn Islanders, who had been liable to occasional risks of famine, were allowed to take possession, and the island received a band of innocent and industrious emigrants from Pitcairn.

The work before us traces back the history of the new settlers, so far back as the mutiny of the Bounty. It exhibits to us, even in the details connected with the mutineers, much instruction for those who, at this day, take an interest in reformatories. The survivors of the mutinous body had taken the Bounty to Otaheite, where some had married Otaheitan wives; they had then proceeded to Pitcairn Island, where the Bounty was destroyed. Who would expect to find among these mutineers three persons of education and family, who, probably from a love of adventure, and from evil associations, had become first the dupes, and afterwards the accomplices of, still more daring men? In the account before us we are presented with the subsequent career and reformation of one of the misguided party—a man named John Adams—whose sagacity and courage enabled him to restore order, and pioneer the way for subsequent civilisation, which was further developed by the celebrated pastor-missionary Nobbs, originally an Irish midshipman, afterwards a lieutenant in the royal navy, subsequently a teacher of a Pitcairn school, and ultimately the ordained clergyman of the island. The account of the united labours of the reformed mutineer Adams, and of Mr. Nobbs, in founding as it were the nucleus of a colony, forms an agreeable episode in the publication before us, and recommends it as a model-work to those who, like the members of the Committee of General Literature and Education of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, rightly appreciate the influence of books upon our working classes.

The "Mutiny of the Bounty" is so well known among us that it may said to be stereotyped in our memory, as it has been for our bookshelves. There are some additional particulars respecting the mutineers, which Mr. Murray by his industry has collected, and which may be briefly noticed. Among the twenty-five mutineers was Peter Heywood, the grandson of a colonial chief justice. He was a lad of fourteen, "who left his happy home in the Isle of Man and embarked on board the Bounty." He was obviously a weak and passive instrument of the gang of rebels by whom he was surrounded. It is a proof of the value of early religious culture that the lad, when taken prisoner, and whilst being conveyed home for trial in a vessel that was shipwrecked, escaped, swimming from the wreck "with a Common Prayer-book between his teeth." The book, Mr. Murray informs us, remains a family relic to the present time. The young man was pardoned, and afterwards was restored to the navy. He attained the rank of post-captain, having declined an offer from Lord Melville in 1818 of the command of a vessel on the Canadian lakes, "with a Commodore's broad pendant."

Another of the mutineers, we are told, was the brother of Professor Christian, Chief Justice of Ely, the well-known editor of "Blackstone's Commentaries;" whilst a third was the nephew of a baronet. John Adams had never been to school, but acquired knowledge for himself, although "struggling with difficulties." He has left a name the memory of which is cherished beyond the borders of his little island, where he died at the age of sixty-five. He was long regarded as the island-patriarch, who had for many years been the instructor, counsellor, and almost the ruler of the Pitcairners. By his "exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony," he had prepared the way for the distinguished pastor, Mr. Nobbs, who perfected the work he had begun. A good account of Adams, with his old blind wife and his family, appeared some time since in a number of the *Quarterly Review*, and also in Capt. F. W. Beechey's "Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits." It will be found incorporated in Mr. Murray's present volume.

The author is entitled to high praise for his account of that extraordinary benefactor to the Pitcairn people, Mr. Nobbs. This gifted missionary of the Church of England schooled these simple-minded beings—gave them medicine for their minds and bodies for the long period of twenty-nine years. He was instrumental, under God's providence, of making them what they and their children are at this day. John Adams, with his invaluable relics of the Bounty—his one Bible and one Prayer-book—worked almost miraculously upon the rude and unenlightened islanders. The "mantle" of Adams fell upon no ordinary man when it rested upon G. H. Nobbs, the self-taught but energetic and inde-

fatigable pastor of the Pitcairmites—so judicious, as well as benevolent and unambitious, in all his plans for the amelioration of his flock. Their present loyalty is undoubted. They celebrate the Queen's birth-day, on which occasion, as their pastor states, "the deep-mouthed gun" is made to assist at the festivity: it was a gun of the Bounty, and was "fished up" from the bottom of the sea in 1845, after remaining many fathoms deep for five-and-fifty years. Mr. Nobbs had taught his little flock to "fear God and honour the King." A chapter of the work before us gives an interesting account of this exemplary pastor, whose life was equally romantic and useful. Upon the suggestion of Admiral Moresby, who visited the Pitcairmites in 1852, Mr. Nobbs came to England, to receive ordination. The islanders evinced much disinclination to part with him, saying "that, in case of sickness, they would have no one to prescribe for them." The Admiral seems to have appreciated this useful man, and generously undertook to supply him with a wardrobe for his trip to England. In November 1852 Mr. Nobbs was ordained by the Bishop of London, and afterwards was much noticed by the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir Robert H. Inglis, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland; and in December he proceeded, by appointment, to Osborne House, where he had an interview with the Queen, whose anniversary had been so loyally celebrated by his flock, the Pitcairmites.

In May 1853 Mr. Nobbs returned to the Pitcairn Islands, an ordained minister and a missionary, with a salary of merely 50*l.* a year, and resumed a life of usefulness which cannot be too highly estimated. The islanders memorialise the Government, and are transferred to Norfolk Island, and here the chaplain of the Pitcairmites pursues "the nois less tenor of his way;" he is their counsellor in every difficulty; their physician in every sickness; their sure and tried friend in all emergencies. It is this attention to the physical comforts of a people that gives efficacy to the spiritual lessons of the Sabbath. It was this comprehensive benevolence that gave such influence to the Jesuit missionaries, and it is to the same source, derived as it is from the example of Christ himself, that we are looking in our own country, at this time, for the prevention of crime and general diffusion of happiness. The Pitcairn Islanders are fortunate enough to secure the attentions of the "excellent and energetic Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, who points out many practical methods of adapting Norfolk Island (known formerly by the name of the "Ocean Hell") as a home for Mr. Nobbs and his Pitcairn friends. The readers of this interesting volume will trace with pleasure the steps taken in this country by noblemen, prelates, and gentlemen, for aiding the emigrants by large pecuniary assistance, and watching with paternal interest Mr. Nobbs, who performs the offices of chaplain, schoolmaster, and physician, besides being godfather to many of the children. The simple laws and wants of the small community are curious. The formation of a Bank is one evidence of social progress. "The people are getting lessons in ploughing, sheep-shearing, milling, and corn-grinding." Instead of the clank of the convict's chain and the felon's oath, are heard the voices of a happy and industrious population. It was to this fertile and beautiful island that for years we had been accustomed to send the thieves and burglars of our metropolis, who of course regarded the "trip" across the ocean more as an act of emigration—"leaving their country for their country's good"—than as the penalty of banishment or transportation. "Such a climate, such beauty of scenery, such fertility of soil, such massive structures, as those of Norfolk Island," says Mr. Murray, "might dazzle and embarrass some minds, and prove an injury rather than a blessing." If there is reason for expressing such a fear in reference to the Pitcairmites, what danger must there have been to the transported convicts by whom it was inhabited a few years ago!

We have said enough to recommend the work for its interesting narrative and useful picture of social and religious advancement. It needed no praise or notice on our part, for it has already reached a seventh edition, and an eighth is about to be called for. The author is a man of enlarged views, of cultivated taste, and great disinterestedness. He has taken up his pen to give a specimen of what books intended chiefly for the labouring classes ought to be, cheerful and instructive, tending to gladden the

home of the working man, and wean him from the haunts of vice and intemperance, "alluring to brighter worlds and leading the way" by interesting examples. Its circulation has probably extended above the humbler classes, for whom it was originally compiled. It may be useful as a prize-book in our village schools, and especially in our reformatories, but is also to be found on the tables of the most enlightened and best-educated families in this country.

EDUCATION.

The Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides, with English Notes. Edited by the Rev. EDWARD ROGERS PITMAN, M.A., Head Master of Rugley Grammar-School. Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. 1857.

MR. PITMAN is qualified for the task he has undertaken by thorough scholarship, and by long and successful scholastic experience. *The Iphigenia in Tauris* is a play well suited to those who are just commencing the study of the Greek dramatists, and for such students this edition is admirably adapted. The text is ably and carefully edited, and the notes are just what they should be—short and to the point, explaining all serious difficulties, and yet not so copious as to render the learner helpless by superfluity of help. The notes of many editors may be compared either to stilts or crutches—Mr. Pitman's to a good useful walking-stick.

FICTION.

The Two Aristocracies: a Novel. By Mrs. GORE. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Nothing New: Tales. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Pedlar: a Tale of Emigration. 3 vols. By CHARLES DELORME. London: Newby.

The Wreckers. By the Author of "Smugglers and Foresters." 3 vols. London: Newby.

To Be or Not to Be: a Novel. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated from the Danish by Mrs. BUSHBY. London: Bentley.

Mrs. GORE faithfully performs one of the duties of the novelist: she strikes fearlessly, and almost always successfully, at the vices and follies of the times. Commercial villanies are just now the reigning vice, prompted by the spirit of the age, which makes money the standard of social worth, and encouraged by the laxity of the law, which has gradually come to treat the creditor as an enemy, and the debtor alone as worthy of its regard: inasmuch that at length it has been solemnly decreed by a Parliament, the majority of whose members are debtors, that men may be permitted to incur debts and make contracts without liability to pay the one or perform the other, and which has enabled them to play for profits without being liable for losses. When the law itself thus encourages dishonesty by giving to it absolute impunity, it is not wonderful that dishonesty prevails; and it will go on increasing until something of the old strictness of moral rectitude is restored to our statute-book, and to rob a creditor is looked upon and punished as a crime equal, at least, to that of the poor child who steals a penny loaf for its breakfast.

Mrs. Gore has depicted commercial roguery in Alick Ferrier, the partner in the great house of Barneson, who pockets the money of the firm for his own speculations. But Mrs. Gore is wrong in her law. She makes Barneson say to him on the discovery of his rogueries: "Had you not abstracted from our assets, and ascribed to payments which I am enabled to prove were never made, the defect in the capital of the firm. This, Sir, amounts to absolute dishonesty; and for this fraud, instead of merely dissolving our partnership, I could instantly obtain a warrant against you, and convict you of felony." Mrs. Gore speaks the language of common sense, but not of law. According to our law, a partner has only a civil remedy against another partner for taking the property of the partnership; he has a lawful right to the possession, and, being in lawful possession, he cannot be guilty of larceny by any subsequent appropriation it to his own use. He cannot, as the phrase is, steal his own property; and, as a partner, he has a share in every part of it. But we hope that this anomaly will ere long be removed, and that any misappropriation of the property of others may be punishable criminally.

The Two Aristocracies represent the aristocracy of wealth and of family, commerce and nobility.

Everybody knows how these move together in the actual world. The aristocracy of birth repair their ruined fortunes by condescending to alliances with the aristocracy of trade. Beyond this, though they move together, they do not mingle. The aristocracy of trade are endured for the sake of dinners and daughters; but they are patronised, treated condescendingly while present, laughed at when absent. Mrs. Gore attempts to show how a veritable union can be brought about; but we question whether it could be practicable out of the pages of a novel. They are not of one mind; they are almost as two races. There is no community of feeling, no genuine sympathy.

Mrs. Gore knows both of them, and describes them from personal acquaintance; hence the accuracy of her pictures. Most of our novelists paint high life from books, or from imagination. They have never seen it or mingled with it; but she has moved among it, and we are conscious as we read that we are making acquaintance with real men and women and not with abstractions or generalisations. *The Two Aristocracies* introduces us to two classes, which have been described by the accomplished authoress many times already; but she has the faculty of individualising them so as to make each of the class different from the rest in detail, while preserving the common features. Thus she does not weary; and every new fiction from her pen has a freshness which secures a circle of readers ever widening; for all who read one of her books are sure to read the rest of them.

Nothing New is a collection of tales, which Miss Muloch has contributed at various times to divers of the periodicals. The popularity which she has achieved has now given an interest to anything known to have proceeded from her pen; and it was therefore prudent to gather together her miscellaneous fictions, and preserve them from the plunderings of those who make it a business to pick up the waifs and strays of popular authors. The tales before us show the various powers of the writer; they are grave and gay, serious and comic; all are well written, and some of them are admirable inventions. "A Low Marriage" is one of the best stories we have read for many a day. Generally, we dislike collections of stories; they are tedious in groups, though pleasant when they stand alone among graver writings; but these tales of Miss Muloch's are an exception to the rule: we have read them right through without weariness, and we can recommend our readers to do the same.

The Pedlar is a tale of the Canadas, the scene being laid at the period when the rebellion threatened to become a revolution, shifting occasionally to Scotland, and there ending with the happy marriage of Sir Edward Clavering. The plot is better than usual, the interest being maintained with great ingenuity, and the writing is respectable. It is, at least, free from the faults of which we have but too frequently cause to complain.

Better still is *The Wreckers*. It is a romance, pleasant to read, for it is skilfully constructed and sustained. Many novels of more pretension, and really of a higher class, are not half so interesting. The majority of novel-readers look for a story more than for good writing. But even in the quality of composition no fault can be found with *The Wreckers*. It is written with an easy flow of apt words, always agreeable in narrative, with occasional passages of description that reach to eloquence. The circulating library will find it a favourite.

We are sorry to see Hans Christian Andersen falling into a fashion which is, we hope, already going out from among us—using fiction for sacred, religious, and mere philosophical purposes. He is great in his own specialty tales for children, but which, nevertheless, the oldest and wisest of us may read with pleasure and profit. Fruitful of imagination, with a singular simplicity, and therefore power, of expression; always having a moral truth to preach, and yet so preaching it that it is rather felt than seen; he has earned the gratitude and love of his contemporaries, and earned a title for the future. Such teachings are all that it is the province of fiction to convey—truths upon which all the civilised world is agreed. But otherwise it is with the dogmas of philosophy and theology. These are still in controversy, not merely between nation and nation, but between man and man. To make them the object of fiction is of course, merely to represent the opinions of the author as right and all others as wrong; not by fair argument,

but by depicting those who agree with him a wicked or unfortunate—those who differ as estimable or prosperous. The design is not to convince the reader, but to prejudice him in favour of one set of opinions or against another set. Nor is this gained without some sacrifice on the author's part. Such a state of things is essentially untrue to nature. In practice we do not find men's worldly prosperity or their morals materially influenced by their abstract creeds, philosophical or religious. There are good and bad men on all sides in pretty nearly equal proportion. Paul and Cameron were distinguished for their piety, and Redpath was one of the most charitable men in London. The novelist, therefore, who writes to write up one sect, or writes down another, must violate the laws of art and set nature at defiance. Andersen, with all his ability, has not avoided this result of a foolish attempt to follow a foolish fashion. This new tale is very inferior to any of its predecessors, alike in composition as in plot. The story is of an orphan, called Niels Bryde, adopted by a country clergyman. He is sent to the University of Copenhagen, and there becomes imbued with what is called the German philosophy. He becomes first a Rationalist, then a Pantheist. His opinions prevent him from entering the Church, for which he had been designed, and he turns to medicine. He is attached as medical officer to a regiment serving in the Sleswig-Holstein war, is shot through the chest and left on the field, where pain and the prospect of death set him thinking. During his recovery a lady, to whom he is engaged, adds her persuasions, and these are represented as shaking a man's convictions. She dies of the cholera, and a supernatural visitation proves to him the immortality of the soul. He prays for faith to overcome his reason, which would continually trouble him, spite of his earnest desire not to doubt. At last his prayers are answered, and faith is given to him in full measure.

Such is a brief outline of a story which has little incident to recommend it. But Andersen is more famous for passages and pictures than for plots. His writings abound in passages of real humour, graphic description, and truest poetry. *To Be or Not To Be* has fewer of them than his former fictions, but yet enough to recommend it to all who have original thought, and delight to trace the hand of genius even through its faults.

Our College: Leaves from an Undergraduate's Scribbling Book. London: G. Earle. 1857.

A PLEASANT and readable volume, consisting of a number of sketches illustrative of college life, truthfully drawn and brightly coloured. The introductory chapter, "Old Haunts revisited," states that these sketches were drawn some years ago, and that their extraction from the portfolio in which they have lain hid is due to a visit which the author lately paid to *Alma Mater*. The contrast between the changes of feeling in himself and in the condition of old friends and the immutability of the University itself, suggested the notion of putting those scenes into print which were relics and remembrances of many a youthful hour; and right glad we were that the author (whoever he may be) has taken this resolution. Sketches of college life, from the slang and vulgar point of view, are stale and hackneyed; but the subject was susceptible of a frank, gentlemanly, and

genial mode of treatment and that it has received from this author. We hope to hear more of him.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Andreas: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By WM. JOHN BARRETT. London: Thomas Sanderson.

THE reason why the greater part of unacted tragedies are unacted is simply because they are *unactable*. This may seem, and indeed is, a self-evident truism; but, self-evident though it be, authors do not seem to use it for their profit. With the great majority, an opinion seems to prevail that all that is necessary for a tragedy is to get a great many high-sounding and sentimental verses, in "the *Erebus vein*," and spice up the interest of a carelessly-constructed plot with a few "striking situations." Careful elaboration of the story, a strict adherence to nature, a cunning illustration by *fact* of the working of the human heart—none of these appear to be esteemed necessary; so only that the lines be sonorous, and a circle of admiring friends assembled in private conclave, with hot supper in perspective, can listen to the five acts without falling fast asleep, the author is perfectly satisfied that he has achieved that insoluble problem to the modern dramatist, a successful tragedy. But though the author be satisfied, his friends are not; the manager is not; the actors are not; and, in the event of the matter coming before the court of last appeal, the public is not. These want something solid and substantial, something more than mere words; they must have plot, incident, and character.

Mr. Barrett's tragedy of *Andreas* has most of the faults which we have hinted at, combined with much more than the average amount of real poetry. Were we not persuaded that a mind so constituted must one day or other achieve a work which can be confidently and successfully brought before the public in the only shape that a dramatic work should ever be suffered to appear, we should be inclined to say that we are sorry to see so much power wasted so fruitlessly. This is certainly not the kind of plot upon which a man endowed with great gifts in the way of dramatic writing should have expended his time. Let the reader judge. An old king of Sicily has two sons, Theodore and Andreas; the former, who is the heir-apparent to the throne, is good and gentle, his father's pride; the latter is headstrong and vicious—the *bête noir* of this royal family of Sicily. Of course there is a feud between the brothers—at least, so far as one of them is concerned—Andreas hating Theodore "because he is more righteous than he," and Theodore doing his best to soften the savage temper of his brother. Andreas tries to provoke Theodore to fight with him; and at last, by dint of insult offered to the person of his beloved, and blows inflicted upon himself, he compels the meek-spirited man to draw in self-defence, and contrives it so that the King arrives in time to find Theodore apparently exciting a fray, and raising his hand against his brother's life. The mistress of Theodore is a fair maiden, the niece of his tutor Francisco; and Andreas, although in love with her

himself, takes advantage of the circumstance to excite the anger of the King against such a *méalliance*. By the conjuncture of these two causes of displeasure, therefore, Theodore falls into disgrace with his father, Andreas rises in the paternal estimation, and the lovers are made supremely unhappy. So ends the first act.

Act the second opens in a forest; Theodore and Andreas meet, a quarrel ensues, and the former drops down, stabbed by the hand of his brother. The scene changes to the bedside of the dying King. Theodore being nowhere to be found, the crown descends to Andreas, and so does the curtain upon vice triumphant and crime unpunished.

The third act brings back the resuscitated Theodore, in disguise, to the house of Francisco and the arms of his beloved Evina. Andreas is tyrannising over the people in right royal style, and has made up his mind to have Evina for his Queen; and so a proposal, followed by a refusal, which the fierce Andreas (to his credit, be it said) takes very tamely, bring us into the fourth act. In this we have Andreas stung with remorse for the murder which he believes he has committed, and Theodore is watching him in the disguise of a monk; the scene of the supposed murder is revealed by a magic lantern. Andreas is now brought to the last extremity; his confidant, Martino, turns upon him; he makes another attempt to win Evina, but, that proving a failure, he concludes the fourth act by sinking insensible upon his throne. The business for the fifth act is easily told. Theodore discovers himself, marries Evina, and is reconciled to his repentant brother, who dies from poison, administered by his own hand. The dying words of Andreas may be quoted as a proof that the language of this piece is far superior to the plot:—

And. Your hand, my brother. Be you blest together! As I thus join your hands, a sweet delight
Sits at my heart, and the first smile I've known
For many days, lights my whole being now.
Under your reign the faults of Andreas
Shall all be remedied; the earth shall smile
As it receives the great gifts, undented,
Of an all-bounteous God; and in the wounds
Of this your kingdom, shall glad Plenty pour
Continual oil and wine, to heal them up.
Fainter I grow and fainter; one last wish—
Lay me beside my mother; and, sometimes,
When you behold my grave, weep not, in pity.
And each sweet drop will plead for me to Heaven.

English and Scotch Ballads. Selected and edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILDE. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. 1857.

THESE four volumes of old ballads form part of the excellent series of the British Poets, edited and published under the superintendence of Professor Child, of Harvard University. If the very best typography, good paper, and a neat compact form of volume, are recommendations to such a series (not to speak of the careful editing and judicious notes of Professor Child), there ought to be a great demand for the book both in America and in this country. These four volumes contain a very full selection of those fine old ballads which are known through the medium of Percy, Ritson, and other sources. Professor Child has ransacked even the most recondite sources of English literature for the materials of his collection, and the value of each volume is considerably enhanced by the glossary of obsolete words which is appended.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

LIGHT reading is the only kind of reading a sane person should attempt in these piping days—light as a *barège*, but not so ample as a *crinoline*—light reading for the sea-beach or the shady arbour, which may be got over without the help of a dictionary, and which may be digested with a dish of strawberries or imbibed with iced sherbet. In just such a book we have been indulging. The story is rather a sad one in its sequel; sufficiently sentimental; and carries a moral which it does not task the mind to comprehend. *Les Martyrs Inconnus*, by Léon Gozlan, introduces us to the Marquis de Blancastel, a Captain of Zouaves, and to Valentine de Bernard, his attached mistress. The Marquis, whose Christian name is George, is a confirmed gambler; property after property passes through his fingers; he is surrounded by debts, is dunned by creditors, but

is still very fond of Valentine, whom in a few days he is about to marry. The banns have been twice proclaimed, when a certain Helen Overman makes her appearance in the scene. Helen and George had formerly been lovers, and were to have been united some years before; but the match was broken off because the two mothers-in-law in prospective could not agree as to whether the marriage should be celebrated in Paris or Brussels. Helen was subsequently married to another person, and became a widow after a few months. She was still young, beautiful, and extremely rich; she still retained a deep affection for George, and again sought his love. Meanwhile the Marquis is ruined. The family estate of Blancastel is about to be seized upon, and Valentine knows all. She does not know yet, however, that the volatile Marquis has entered into a contract of marriage with the wealthy young widow. It

comes to her knowledge, at last, and she magnanimously surrendered her claim upon George, to save him from impending ruin, and to give him to a woman who declares her passionate love for him. Just when plunged in the greatest grief on the news of George's ruin, and giving vent to her poignant lamentations, a domestic entered to inform her that a young lady demanded an interview.

"Let her enter!" The servant went out. "It is Heaven that sends me a happy diversion, perhaps," said Valentine, rising from her seat. She found herself in the presence of a lady she had never seen before. The young lady seated herself at a sign from Valentine, and, after contending some time with a visible embarrassment, she spoke thus: "I ought first to thank you, Madame, for your particular kindness in admitting to your house a person probably unknown to you."—"The object of your visit, Madame, will no doubt justify this apparent strange-

ness."—"I am called Helen Overman," Valentine had a slight emotion, which she repressed. "I know this name, and M. de Blancastel has often"—"The only subject of conversation shall be of him, of you, and myself"—"Speak, Madame."—"I am about to speak with cruel frankness; very cruel, perhaps, to you, perhaps to myself; but if you deign to hear me to the end, you will know that it has its excuse in the nobleness I ascribe to your sentiments, and which, perhaps, you will accord to mine."—"What am I about to learn?" thought Valentine, very little assured by this beginning. Helen Overman took breath and continued: "I was loved, some years ago, by George de Blancastel."—"You, Madame?" Valentine half rose. "Greatly loved."—"Madame, this confidence"—"The courageous resolution I have taken in coming here obliges me to confess to you that I loved him very much also." With a sad smile Valentine made answer: "The confession is complete then."—"Not yet, Madame."—"However"—"I was about to be married to him eight years ago."—"Ah! . . . I am ignorant"

Helen proceeds to inform her hearer how the marriage was broken off, and how she came to marry a cousin, and Valentine thinks it is hard she should be afflicted with this story of a first love. Helen went on:

Some months after my marriage I became a widow. Remembrance was then permitted me. I did remember, and it was with a satisfaction that cost me nothing in duty, that I learned recently from the lips of my brother that M. de Blancastel was coming to spend a few days with us. I have seen him again. . . .—"Why do you interrupt yourself, Madame?"—"It seemed to me you were suffering," replied Helen.

She explains in continuation, that she had seen him at Bois-le-Duc, that the emotions of former years had been revived within her, and that their marriage had been agreed to. All this is sad torture to Valentine. Helen has heard, however, that George is not so free as she could desire, and has come to ascertain from the lips of Valentine whether her affection for him is any more than mere friendship—if so, she would withdraw her claim. The scene here is finely drawn. Helen is retiring; Valentine detains her.

"Be seated, Madame!" Helen was surprised; she could not believe. . . .—"Madame," stammered Valentine, "Madame!" Thrice she began with this phrase. . . .—"My emotion comprehends yours," said Helen. "Yes, Madame," began again Helen with an effort, "yes, I confess it—I have loved much—formerly—formerly—M. de Blancastel. This liaison, formed far from France at a moment of my life when it served me as a protection against isolation—it is not my fault if it is not what it has been. The character of M. de Blancastel, good, irreproachable, while duty confined him rigorously to the military profession, has all of a sudden been transformed—changed—since he has come into contact with Parisian life. With the means of living an independent life, M. de Blancastel indulges in every manner of caprice; then he has pleasurable pursuits which I disapprove of. His horror of the advice which I am sometimes permitted to give him have detached him—distanced him—little by little from me. I have his reproaches, his complaints; I have wept; then I have become resigned; then I have no longer loved him but in the past; at length, to the woman, very enamoured, very devoted—he remains only the friend."—"Only the friend?" demanded Helen, her look plunged into the eyes of Valentine. "Only the friend," replied the latter, sinking her voice. "Has such a rupture become so easy," continued Helen, her eyes still fixed intently on Valentine; "without despair, without grief?"—"Without despair, without grief—without regrets—without regrets, provided he is happy." "He shall be happy, Madame!" cried Helen, with passion, convinced that she had gathered the truth from the lips of Valentine; "Yes, he shall be happy. When I saw M. de Blancastel again, I felt springing up in my heart the sentiments which I thought extinguished—which I thought dead; they had only been lulled to sleep. Yes, he shall be happy! . . . But you are pale, you suffer, you weep! Ah! this is not well, Madame, you have deceived me—you love still!"—"No, I have not deceived you, but the habit of years passed under the same roof—the cry of jealousy—even when one no longer loves; the regret that I cannot love as you love, Madame—behold the sole, the only cause of these tears. Oh, believe me, I love no more!"

By this act of devotion towards the man she truly loved, the Marquis is rescued from ruin. Time passes on. Valentine continues to occupy the same hotel where she is visited by several trustworthy friends, and appears to be happy. There is one pseudo-friend, however, who seeks to get her into his power. This is the Viscount de Fabry. People have their surmises, but Valentine is faithful. The Marquis is not happy

with Helen; he yearns for Valentine, and obtains an interview with her, when he attempts to revive her former love. She refuses. They are surprised by De Fabry, who is secretly the enemy of the Marquis. This De Fabry has plundered him at the gaming table, has endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of his mistress. The visit is made known to Helen, who, with her former courage, calls upon Valentine to obtain explanations. She is satisfied with her honesty, and both embrace as sisters. While they are conversing the Marquis is announced, and the wife, in terror, conceals herself behind a Chinese screen in the apartment. A strange scene ensues. The Marquis makes violent protestations of his love to Valentine, conjures her to become reconciled to him, declares that he respects his wife—she is good, she is noble, but cannot have his heart. All this is heard by the injured wife. Valentine is firm, and the Marquis is about departing in rage, accusing her of having become the mistress of De Fabry.

Valentine sank down by the side of a divan; she fell upon her knees as if deprived of life. She lived, but did not stir. A woman came from behind the screen, and replied to the pale and defeated face of Blancastel: "No, monsieur, she is not his mistress."—"Helen!"—Helen had spoken. The silence that followed this apparition of affliction, of melancholy and tears, was long; it was poignant, frightful, and terrible. Never was domestic drama more true; the most striking of all dramas never astonished the heart with a scene like this scene. Life was suspended among the three personages, who had no longer but one life.

It was George whose voice was first raised. "You have heard, Madame, words for which there is no pardon," Valentine responded, like a melancholy echo, "O, no!"—"To deny or extenuate," continued George, with a husky and broken voice, "would be unworthy of all three. You know now to its full extent the lively affection which united us, Valentine and me."—"Yes, sir," replied Helen feebly. "You know now, also, the motive which violently separated us?"—"Yes, sir."—"You know, in fine, the regrets that have survived this rupture in my heart—in my heart, which has not had, I confess, the generosity to respond to all the interest you have shown in accepting my name, and in giving over to me your fortune."—"I have given you more, M. de Blancastel."—"I am all the more ungrateful. Thus, I repeat, there is no pardon for the words you have heard."

Helen is implacable. She will not believe that all love and friendship between George and Valentine is henceforward to cease. She is right. She inquires whether she can believe that such can be so. They both swear it. George says: "I swear it, Madame, I swear it to you!"—"And you also, Valentine . . . any oaths"—"Do you not believe me, believe me no more?"—"You no more? You are led away by him: you will be subjugated."—"O, Madame!"—"You want proof: you give but oaths."—"Yes, proofs."—"Bet it so: you and he, who have broken every relation, every bond, every souvenir—have you broken this?" Helen showed to George and Valentine the portrait of their child. George and Valentine were silent.

All the affection of Valentine is centered in this child. She thinks of his future, and fortune brings her ultimately in the way of an excellent Russian, Adrianoff, who adopts him. The last pages of the book are pages of pain and sorrow. Valentine is again tempted by De Fabry, again assailed by George, who has been divorced. She saves her son, her heart is broken, her brain reels, and poor Valentine is drawn lifeless from the Seine just while the successful boatmen of the regatta of Asnières are returning singing the burthen of their song:

Vierge des eaux, entends notre prière,
Conduit nos bras, bénis nos avirons;
Si notre barque arrive la première,
C'est nous qui te bénirons.

Last month we made a small collection of wicked things that have been written against the fair sex, and we promised to make compensation at some future time, by making a collection of some of the fair words that have been written in its favour. This promise we proceed to redeem, not confining ourselves to any systematic order. Francis I. of France once said that a court without ladies was like a year without a spring, and a spring without roses; and Malherbe, who was a poet, and ought consequently to be well-informed on the subject, says that there are only two pretty things in the world women and roses; and but two dainty morsels in the world, women and melons. Then Châteaubriand says: "Man without woman would be gross, rude, and solitary, and would ignore the grace which is the smile of love. Woman hangs around him the flowers of life, like those forest

creepers which adorn the trunks of oaks with their perfumed garlands." P. J. Stahl in his pretty little book, *Opinion de mon ami Jacques, &c.* ("Opinion of my friend Jacques on Women of Mind and the Mind of Women") says: "The mind of women has every kind of relation to the diamond. It is fine, it is precious, it has a thousand fires, a thousand rays; it has facets which radiate in every direction, it dazzles and betrays itself, even in the shade, when the slightest opening is made. It cannot be shut up in the jewel-box; it must be seen." A good woman would, consequently, be a diamond of the first water; and Fontenelle says: "Among women modesty has great advantages; it augments beauty, and serves to hide ugliness." J. P. Stahl, whom we have already quoted, recites two or three very pretty poems in praise of women. One is:

A young girl was walking in a garden; the flowers began to speak—"You are prettier than we are, fair damsel," said they. "Fresher," said the rose of May. "More vermillion," said the pomegranate. "Whiter," said the lily. "Sweeter," said the jasmine. "More graceful," said the meadow-queen. "Purer," said the virgin-spoke. "Chaster," said the orange-flower. The young girl knew nothing of the language of the flowers; her fair, open countenance fell upon each of them without blushing, and she admired them all without knowing the praises they were giving her. But, perceiving, half-hidden among the herbage, the blue-eyed violet, she stooped towards it, gathered it with her delicate fingers, and, after having inhaled its perfume, placed it near her heart. "How happy is the violet!" said the other flowers.

Another to the same effect.

A lady, still young and fair, was walking in an orchard, near a wood. Her beauty was such, that not only the flowers, but the fruits and the trees, and all that saw her, could not keep silence. "It is our queen!" exclaimed all that had the pleasure of beholding her. "She has more lustre than any of us," said the cherry. "More perfume," said the strawberry. "More velvet on her cheek," said the peach. "And the plumpness of her bosom," said the apple. "And the tallness of her figure," said the reed. "And the supreme elegance of her whole person," said the acacia-rose. "And the firmness of her bearing," said the oak. "And the lightness of her step," sang the bird. "And the intelligence of her forehead," said the pansy. "And the tenderness of her countenance," said the periwinkle. "And the holy odour of virtue which surrounds her," said the mint. "What more touching!" said the aspen. "What sweeter!" said the maple. "What more finished!" said entire nature. Seeing her depart, the moss, which carpeted the border of the forest, said with regret, "Will she not pause to-day at the foot of these trees?" Shade even prolonged himself over her head trying to retain her. The birds heard her speaking to a child, and the nightingale said to the lark quite softly, "Oh, that I could sing as sweetly as these women talk!"

We can hardly omit here the saying of Schiller: "Honour to women! They scatter celestial roses on the pathway of our earthly life; they weave the fortunate bands of love; and, under the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments." One other authority, and we have well nigh kept our promise. Eugène Pelletan, in summing up the social question regarding woman, has said among other things:

Woman is the crime of man. She has been his victim since the expulsion from Eden. She still bears about in her flesh the traces of six thousand years of injustice. The savage, her first husband, commenced by loving her with blows of the fist on the heath. . . . To this day, the animal in human form, of Polynesia lies hidden behind a bush, a bridegroom of passage. . . . Later, man had not the same excuse for the brutality of his affection. He is a shepherd, a patriarch. . . . The husband buys the companion of his slumbers, object for object. My daughter is worth so many goats and sheep," said the patriarch; "Here they are," said the lover, and the bargain was made. There have been two people, however, who found something intolerable in suppressing entirely the liberty of the woman, and in the simplicity of their hearts they wished to regulate it. These were the Egyptian and the Chinese people. Both the one and the other resolved admirably this problem of limited liberty which restrained imperturbably liberty, and which had all the advantage of servitude. Here it was: the Egyptian law forbade shoemakers, under pain of imprisonment, to make shoes for women, even the most innocent in the world, of paper or biblos. This was article first. By the second article, the same law forbade women to go abroad without coverings to the feet and ankles. With this exception they were free to go to and fro. China was better advised than Egypt. She spared the expense of a new law to her Legislature. She has left the shoe-

maker alone. She has simply declared that the best way of teaching a woman to walk is to break, in her infancy, her feet in a screw.

Here for the present we conclude.

FRANCE.

Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence jusqu'à nos jours. Par CHARLES DE RÉMUSAT. Paris.

THE best history of philosophy is the biography of philosophers. This M. de Rémusat strenuously maintains at the commencement of his excellent work, and we cordially concur with him. It is the new man, not the new idea in the universe, that alone interests us, and that alone ought to interest us. A marked individuality is the true originality; hence M. de Rémusat with justice contends that Montaigne was a singularly original writer, though there was nothing very original in his thoughts. A long chronicle of doctrines is merely a long procession of ghosts. Tired of the dimness and the monotony, we are glad when the procession is over. What is a doctrine but a fact in the life of him who puts it forth? Why should it be severed from the other facts? There are no pure philosophers! The greatest philosopher is more a man than a philosopher, and as a man should be judged. Every one does not speak of his own sins and errors as frankly, or, if you choose, so unblushingly, as Jerome Cardan or Rousseau; but if every one aspiring to the name of philosopher were thus frankly or thus unblushingly to unveil his past career, how quickly, how distinctly, should we see that all philosophy is the expression of a human experience. It is not flattering to philosophy to conceive the philosopher as a passionless pedant. If he has grown such, how much has he lost and forgotten! If he has always been such, how much has he never known! It is not wrong to associate with philosophy a certain calm which the storms of the world cannot disturb. But it is not the calm of apathy; it must be the calm gained from vast commotion, from the upheaval and the uproar of a stupendous vitality—a calm pillared on and paved with the wrecks of ten thousand tempests. The deepest Oriental thinkers, which is, perhaps, equivalent to saying the deepest and richest of all thinkers, were not solitary students. In courts and in camps they had discovered secrets which they could never have chanced on in the silence of the closet, in the loneliness of the cell. Away with the philosophy which is not the confession of a pilgrimage, wherein wisdom was learned from disaster, disenchantment, and even from despair. The sage is more than the metaphysician, and he is profounder. What mystery is equal to that of a single human lot, however insignificant? Sorrow unfolds a wider, more miraculous apocalypse, than contemplation. He can teach me no marvels of creation to whom pain has not been an interpreter, and who has not gained a mastery over pain. I really know only what I have suffered and enjoyed; the rest is tradition or speculation. We hear of persons belonging to this or that school. Is not such fashion of speech most misleading? I can listen best to Plotinus as a beautiful discourser on the beautiful when I do not trouble myself too much with his Platonic antecedents or Neoplatonic relations, and consider him solely or chiefly as a gifted one, whose noble countenance and eloquent lips inspire, enrich, and gladden me. It is the German love of abstractions which has led so far and so deplorably astray in this matter: though it would be injustice and ingratitude to deny that many of the German histories of philosophy deserve the highest praise for industry, erudition, honesty, apt and copious illustration, catholic breadth, and critical power. The French tried for a season to rival the Germans as historians of philosophy. But lately, more faithful to the genius and taste of their country, it is less with the history of philosophy than with the lives of philosophers that they have occupied themselves. In this department they are supremely fitted to excel. If, as Parmenides said, to think and to be are the same thing, the Frenchman is admirably skilled to picture the identity. When there is an epic grandeur to be portrayed, expect nothing from a Frenchman, even from a vaunted Bossuet, but bombast and caricature. In prose or in verse, no Frenchman will ever write up to the angelic height of the Maid of Orleans. Where, however, a Frenchman is allowed to mingle rapid narrative with an

analysis of systems, he has a glory all his own. French histories of philosophy will always be compilations, clever or the contrary. French biographies of philosophers will always be the only books of the kind worth reading. During the next twenty or thirty years the lives of philosophers will probably form the best, the healthiest, and the most important portion of French literature—and perhaps, alas! in scarcely any other portion of it will a sigh for truth, a voice in favour of freedom, a hymn to divinely religion, to divinely heroism, to whatsoever ennobleth man, be permitted utterance.

In a field where so many are appearing and where so many more are destined to appear, some may be more conspicuous and brilliant than M. de Rémusat; none can have more substantial merits. He is already honourably known for works kindred to this—those on Abelard and on St. Anselm of Canterbury. And now he has ventured to delineate and to judge a man who, however diversely delineated and judged by preceding writers, has never ceased to be as large and luminous a part of England's glory as Shakspeare. Without attempting to vindicate Bacon's character, M. de Rémusat treats it with tenderness; without being an enthusiastic adorer of his genius, he sees what an immense orb shining on the nations his genius was. Bacon was no monster of depravity; but his infirmities were so numerous, and some of them took so nearly the hue of vice, that the more we bow down in worship to his intellect the more we weep over the enslavement of that intellect to frailties of which a meaner intellect would be ashamed. That at last he was sacrificed rather for the sins of others than for his own; that he fell as the victim of political vindictiveness; that he had never really degraded his exalted position as Lord Chancellor to sell justice for gold—these and other things in his favour may be readily granted; but they cannot explain away his base and perfidious conduct to Essex, his servility to James the First, the prostration of his whole soul before Buckingham, and a long catalogue of most unworthy rather than of most wicked deeds. Bacon had not the strength to walk uprightly; but when he crawled on the ground it was not because he loved the ground—it was because he dreaded blows that would have struck the head erect and bold. He would always have been on the side of the right if the right had been beset with no perils, and had cost no renunciations. His weakness led him further and oftener wrong than his laxity of conscience, this than his vanity, this than his ambition. He would have been exceedingly generous if it were ever possible to be truly generous without being chivalrous. His philosophy has been reproached with lacking idealism; but he himself lacked idealism no less. Destitute of the heroic instincts, he compensated not for the grievous defect by aspirings and strivings toward a nobler life. His fondness for show, and his careless, expensive habits, made him a needy man—and a needy man is always a greedy man unless he can rise by one gigantic bound to the magnanimity of self-denial. By a stern or stoical standard it is not fair to estimate Bacon. Demigods crush their way through in whatever age they may appear. They are above all standards, and are not to be tested by any. But they who are below gods or demigods cannot be severed from their age when we wish to pronounce on their moral worth. The Tudors had accustomed English politicians to the most abject submission toward the royal prerogative; the last of the Tudors taught them a still more abject flattery. The first of the Stuarts tried hard to be a tyrant like the Tudors; but, wanting their iron will and iron grasp, he added a race of favourites to the ancient race of slaves and parasites, and, taking as he deemed some steps beyond the Tudor violence, simply succeeded in baptising it in the mud of villainess. Chiefly, also, owing to the long presence of an Italian woman near the French throne, the wife of a king, the mother of kings, a subtle, cruel, unscrupulous Italian policy had prevailed in France, and had begun to be guide in the affairs of other European kingdoms. And, when Machiavellianism was found wanting, Jesuitism was ready to teach and to help. The despotism of Tudor prerogative, the pomp that marched and flashed round Stuart corruption, Machiavellian practice, Jesuitical maxims—with none of these was Bacon's nature inclined to quarrel. If he had lived long enough to see what Richelieu achieved, he would have called Richelieu a mighty statesman, without regard to the means

that Richelieu had employed. But herein his opinion would have coincided with that of almost every contemporary politician. Pope stole from Bacon, and in gratitude called him the meaneast of mankind. Let us not denounce this as an exaggeration; let us denounce it at once as a falsehood. Bacon had no faults for which pusillanimity is not sufficient to account. His imagination held so vast a space in his mind, that it left small room for a heart. He was naturally more a poet than a philosopher, more a philosopher than a man of action. He had the poetical temperament, which in general is a timorous temperament, with facile affections, but no potent passions. And it is as a poet that he would perhaps chiefly have been known, if verse had flowed as freely from his pen as phantasies trooped into his brain. And in truth it is not as a poet that he is chiefly known? Strip his works of their magnificent poetical adornments, and what remaineth? His services to philosophy were services to something more comprehensive than philosophy. The more fruitful and revolutionary the innovations which he introduced into the philosophical domain, the more they were of a poetical character. Vain and barren are the disputes about the value of the instruments which he offered as substitutes for scholastic pedantries. What, after all, he wanted to show was, that it was with a living world and its phenomena, not with a dead world and its abstractions, that we had to deal. But, however zealous he might be in seeking to overthrow scholastic thralldom, he could not put forth his whole wealth and force of faculty in the warfare, inasmuch as from scholastic thralldom he himself had not wholly escaped. If he had been less grandly encyclopædic, he would have been more creatively catholic. His legal training, without chaining or chilling his imagination, nourished his likings for formal divisions and minute distinctions. Yet, if by so much scholastic lumber the progress was encumbered, the spectacle was the more majestic; even as the journey of an Eastern king presents the more splendid array of elephants, and camels, and horses, the larger the number of insignificant things that are borne along. It is not philosophers who can ever be the just critics of Bacon. They are his just critics, they are his generous appreciators, who both morally and intellectually are idealists—but not in the sterile Platonic sense. Baconianism is not equivalent with Materialism, but it is chiefly Materialists who have adopted and applied the Baconian system. Hence, huge wrong to the system, and a wide misrepresentation of it. Our way back to Bacon is through a long line of French and English Sensationalists, who have contented themselves with hard facts, held clumsily together with a coarse cement of utilitarian doctrines. What is called the Positive Philosophy is the last shape of this species of Baconianism. But there is no essential affinity between the teachings and utterances of Bacon and those of Comte. Between Bacon, stupendously moving with fecund imagination amid manifold, many-coloured, intensely vital realities, and Comte, with the puny clutch of his singularly unimaginative soul on a few formulas of being, where is the likeness, where the consanguinity? Baconianism demands an opulent and powerful English imagination to work out its most blissful results. And what is demanded will in due time be forthcoming. We feel drawn toward Baconianism as much as we feel repelled by the Positive Philosophy. It is nonsense to say that the Positive Philosophy is summoned to and is performing the same duties to which Baconianism was summoned. Baconianism was successful in delivering men from abstractions; the Positive Philosophy, while pretending to deliver men from abstractions, thrusts them into a limbo peopled by ghastlier abstractions of its own. Indeed, the Positive Philosophy would be more accurately named the Negative Philosophy. Its positive principles are unprolific, unimpulsive plagiarisms; it is only now and then, when it assumes an antagonistic attitude, that it has any interest. It can strike a blow, though not a very puissant blow, at what yet survives of Scholasticism; more than this it cannot do. A philosophy such as humanity can permanently accept, must be one combining the most transcendent idealism and the most poetic Baconianism, with mysticism as a basis. It must not be eclectic, it must abhor eclecticism; and after all, when people speak of eclecticism, they only speak of the revival of a particular philosophical creed. What at present assumes the name of

eclecticism in France is simply a transfigured Cartesianism. It is not eclecticism for philosophy to begin with mystical depth, and then, having explored abyss after abyss, to rush as with the wings of an archangel to height after height of idealistic loftiness. Descending from the heights, its yearning is for the breadths whose fruitfulness and beauty extend on every side. It is in this phase of philosophical development that Baconianism has such incomparable significance and such exhaustless suggestiveness. It is not a voice for us in the depths; it is not a star for us on the heights; but it is companion for us in the delectable places, and it is guide for us in the labyrinths when we again seek the green and sunny and lavish earth, to complete that divine education which our mysticism and idealism had begun. In this respect Bacon is the greatest of philosophers. We find philosophers in abundance to correspond to our mystical phase and to our idealistic phase; he alone corresponds to our catholic phase, because he is the one sublime poet-philosopher. To commune with Bacon and to rest in him is a grievous blunder. He is the repast that awaits us at the end of a pilgrimage. England produced Bacon; and, while we believe that the English mind must be the chief interpreter of Bacon, it cannot be the English mind with the usual English culture, which means commonplace tempered by compromise—a sorry culture for a mind already inclined to the prosaic, to the terrestrial. But let the English mind dwell in the mystical depths and ascend to the idealistic heights, and it will not merely interpret Bacon, but make immense discoveries in the Baconian path. Foreign writers quickly see the tendency of the English mind to the prosaic and the terrestrial, but they do not so quickly see its unrivalled robustness. This robustness, however, is needed to complete true catholicity. The Frenchman has it not, the German has it not; with the former, therefore, catholicity is a phrase, with the latter it is a vagueness. The inability to perceive that robustness of the English mind which at last clothes itself with catholicity is the one signal defect of M. de Rémusat's book; though where so much is excellent, he is reluctant to speak of faults. The massiveness of the English mind half disgusts, half frightens, the nimble Frenchman. What he cannot move he deems condemned to eternal immobility. Thus, while M. de Rémusat fairly enough estimates—at least, as fairly as a Frenchman can—the worth of the Baconian philosophy in relation to other philosophies, he has caught no glance of what is its primordial vocation—that of being the cultivator and the crown of English catholicity when the English mind, the massive and the robust, has passed through the phases of mysticism and idealism. The destiny of Baconianism cannot be severed from the mission of England. The dream of that noble mission has never yet entered into the English national heart: it never may enter. England will accomplish the mission the more strenuously the more unconscious she is of it. The prophetic, enthusiastic souls whom the dream of England's mission enraptures, behold in every step of England's march in the East and elsewhere a Baconian conquest and a Baconian revealing. For such prophetic, enthusiastic souls M. de Rémusat was, of course, not bound to write. He has written for the students of philosophy, and he has written well. He writes with thorough knowledge; he writes in thorough sympathy with his subject; there is no book-making; there is workmanship as honest as it is skilful. From a scholar so modest, from so finished a gentleman, from a heart so loving and merciful, volumes like this will always be welcome. **ARTICUS.**

GERMANY.

Lied vom Heereszuge Iorgs gegen die Polowzer. Im Urtext, mit Commentar, Glossar, Grammatik, und einer metrischen Uebersetzung, von Dr. BOLTZ. ("The Lay of Igor's Warlike Expedition against the Polowzer. In the Original Text, with a Commentary, a Glossary, a Grammar, and a Metrical Translation, by Dr. BOLTZ.") Berlin. 1855.

THE publication of this translation into German of the *Lay of Igor*—the Russian "Nebelungenlied," and the oldest monument of Russian national literature—was announced in a former number of the CRITIC. In this we shall subject the "Lay" to a detailed analysis, reserving the consideration of the historical events which it cele-

brates, and of the speculations of Dr. Boltz regarding the period at which it was composed, till another issue.

The opening lines of the lay present its hero—Igor, a Russian "grand prince" of the twelfth century—prepared to march with all his forces against the Polowzer, a powerful nomad tribe, who had frequently ravaged his dominions, and from whom the present Cossacks are partly descended. As he is about to set forth, his brother, Vsevolod, who is the sovereign of a small province adjoining that which Igor rules over, gallops into his camp, and entreates that himself and his followers may be allowed to join the expedition. "O Igor!" cries Vsevolod, who is surnamed "the wild bull!"

"O Igor, we are sons of the same father; let our swords be reddened together, in the same cause! Thy followers are brave, but to be banded with mine will not disgrace them. My Houriens are intrepid as lions; they were born on battle-fields, and suckled to the sound of trumpets; their mothers cradled them on shields, and gave them their meat on the points of lances! No path is strange to them, they know every river and every precipice; their bows are bent, their quivers filled, their swords sharpened, and their steeds saddled; they wait but the signal to scour the plain like grey wolves; they wait but the word to carry death to the accursed Polowzer, and to win new honours for themselves, and new glory for their princes."

That word being given, the troops of the two princes unite, and march together in the direction of the Don. On the third day of their march, just as they reach the banks of the river Dontzer, the river which separates the territory of Igor from that of the enemy they are marching to punish, they are startled by an eclipse of the sun, which, with its consequences, the unknown poet thus describes:

It is a summer morning, an hour from noon, and not a cloud is on the sky; the heavens glisten, and are free from speck, as though their arch were of polished silver. But, lo! their lustre suddenly dims, and the sun becomes brown as a horse's hide; where all was brightness suddenly all is shadow, and the shadow deepens, little by little, into a gloom which at last renders the stars visible, and calls forth from their retreats the birds of night, who fill the air with their cries of evil omen.

The brave followers of Igor and Vsevolod know how to meet death with a smile of defiance; but at this coming of night before mid day their courage forsakes them. Fear enters their hearts, and they fall on the ground, stricken with terror, crying: "Heaven is against us! God forbids our enterprise!"

Even the *drougina** wavers, and would fain turn the heads of its horses homewards. But Igor, the resolute Igor, the prince of heroes, falters not. "Brothers and *drougina*, he cries proudly, "rather death than the shame of flight from danger! If none will follow, I go alone to fight the Polowzer!"

Saying this, Igor plunges his horse into the river, and his companions cannot but follow his example, though they do so with resignation rather than eagerness. When all have reached the opposite bank they form into battle array, and advance rapidly towards the camp of the Polowzer, which is scarcely a league distant; but night arrives before they can attack it. On the morrow the combat commences with the dawn, and by noon is decided in favour of the followers of Igor and Vsevolod, who thereupon devote themselves to the pillage of the enemy's camp. Intoxicated by the joy of victory and the *kounis* (fermented mare's milk) which they find in the camp, they spend a great part of the night in feasting and revel, little dreaming that the success they thus celebrate is but the herald of severe disasters. But such it is. During the night new hordes of Polowzer approach the scene of conflict, and the following morning opens with an earthquake and a thunderstorm:

The earth trembles; the rivers are troubled; the heavens open, and vomit rain and fire. Stribog rattles the thunders, and loosens all the winds; and every wind showers arrows upon the heads of the Russian warriors.

The Polowzer gather from all sides, and surround the battle plain. They fight like children of the devil, but the Russians fight like heroes. Yea, Vsevolod the wild bull, and Igor the noble, fight like gods!

Igor and Vsevolod! they alone could conquer an army! Behold what sheaves of arrows they hurl against the enemy! They forget glory, they forget existence, they forget the golden thrones of their fathers; Igor forgets his wife and children, Vsevolod the smiles of his well-beloved, the fair Glebovna; they remember only that the Polowzer are before them.

* * * Drougina was the name given by the ancient Russians to the bands of tried warriors who composed their princes' body-guards.

The poet here interrupts his recital to enumerate all the great battles that have been previously fought by his countrymen—in none of which, he concludes by declaring, did they fight so valiantly as they fight in this. Still, victory is not for them.

From morning till evening, and from evening till morning, the air is filled with darts and arrows, and resounds with the blows of sabres and lances. The soil is covered with mangled limbs, and flooded with the blood of heroes. For two days and nights the combat is hot as the fires of hell. The Polowzer die by myriads; but when one host of them is conquered, two more are poured upon the battle-plain.

Accursed Polowzer! they come in packs after packs, like hungry wolves! For two days and nights Igor and Vsevolod keep them at bay. But on the third day the banner of Rurik ceases to float over the plain; on the third day the heart of Vsevolod, the wild bull, is pierced with an arrow; on the third day, Igor, the prince of heroes, is taken captive by the sons of the devil.

The Polowzer follow up their victory by crossing the Dontzer, and ravaging Igor's territory. Igor himself being meanwhile carried to Charakan, on the banks of the Don, as the prisoner of the khan Kontchak. After a time, the news of his captivity is brought to his wife, the "tender Yaroslavna;" and thereafter, every day,

Yaroslavna weeps at sunrise by the walls of Novgorod, and cries: "O that I could fly like a bird to the banks of the Don, that I might dip my kerchief in its waters, and bathe the bloody wounds which cover the body of my prince!"

Yaroslavna weeps at noon by the walls of Novgorod, and cries: "O wind, my gentle wind, why didst thou blow so rudely? Why didst thou bear upon thy gentle wings so many of the Khan's arrows towards the army of my husband? Why wert thou not content to chase the cloud amongst the mountains, to balance the ships upon the azure sea? Why didst thou aid the accursed Polowzer to break the heart of Yaroslavna?"

Yaroslavna weeps at sunset by the walls of Novgorod, and cries: "O Dnieper, renowned Dnieper, thou that hast pierced the rocky mountains of the land of the Polowzer, thou that hast borne the ships of Sviatoslaf to the land of the hordes of Kobjak, bring me back my husband, bring me back my prince, bring me my Igor, or the soul of Yaroslavna will be wept away!"

Whilst Yaroslavna thus weeps for her husband, the great Prince Sviatoslaf, sleeping upon his golden throne in his palace at Kiew, has a dream, in which the misfortune of Igor and the invasion of that prince's territory by the Polowzer are revealed to him. Starting from his sleep, he calls together his boyards, and implores them to forget for a time their mutual differences, and to march unitedly against the Pagans, who are devastating the sacred soil of their common country, and who hold one of the noblest of its heroes captive. His counsel is embraced with eagerness, and a vast army is gathered together; but it has scarcely begun its march before Igor escapes from his enemies.

It is midnight on the banks of the Don, and Igor sleeps. As he dreams of the vast plain which lies between the Don and the Dontzer, between the tents of his captivity and the golden throne of his fathers, God puts into his heart the thought of flight.

Igor wakes, and wakes the boyard Ovlour. God has buried the Polowzer in deep sleep. Igor and Ovlour saddle steeds, and mount them. The dawn streaks the heavens with red, but finds not the prince of heroes in the tents of the Polowzer. Igor and the boyard Ovlour are far away, flying across the plain, as the thistle down flies upon the wings of the east wind. Igor and the boyard Ovlour are flying towards Novgorod, where the tender Yaroslavna weeps her husband, where the hearts of a brave people mourn their prince.

The plain is wide, O the plain is wide; but the Polowzer have swift steeds, and Igor and the boyard Ovlour are mounted upon horses from the tents of the Polowzer. Their horses fly like the wind, but the plain is wide, O the plain is wide; and as they reach the banks of the Dontzer the brave steeds fall dead.

Igor plunges into the Dontzer, and the Dontzer cries: "O Igor, the prince of heroes, great is thy glory! Many are thy deeds that are like the deeds of God; but this flight excels them all in glory; it will give joy to Russia, and break the heart of the Khan Kontchak!"

With Igor's arrival on the Russian bank of the river, the poet closes his recital somewhat abruptly. "Yes," he exclaims, in conclusion—

The Dontzer spake truly! Great is the glory of Igor, the prince of heroes! Great is the glory of Igor, and the joy of his people! The memory of his deeds, and of those of his *drougina*, and of those of Vsevolod, the wild bull, will live for ever! Glory to Prince Igor, the great Igor, who did battle with the Pagans for the Christian God! Amen!

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Is a paper "On the present state of knowledge as to the structure and functions of nerve," by Professor Huxley, at the Royal Institution, the subject was explained from the rhythmical pulsation of the heart. As the contraction of the muscles of the heart takes place in a regular order, all the muscular fibres of the auricles contracting together, and all the muscular fibres of the ventricle contracting together, but for the full efficiency of the heart as a circulatory organ, the latter having to follow the former action after a certain interval, "it becomes a question of extreme interest where lies the regulative power which governs the rhythm." Experiments have clearly shown "that the regulative power is seated not only in the heart itself but in definite regions of the organ; remove the heart from the body, and it still goes on beating; the source of the rhythm is therefore to be sought in itself. If the heart is halved in a longitudinal section, each half goes on beating; but if it is divided transversely, between the line of junction of the auricles with the ventricle and the apex of the latter the detached apex pulsates no longer, while the other segment goes on beating as before. If the section is carried transversely through the auricles, both segments go on beating; and if the heart is cut into three portions by two transverse sections, one above the junction of the auricles and ventricle, and one below it, then the basal and middle segments will go on pulsating, while the apical segment is still. Clearly, then, the source of the rhythmical action, the regulative power, is to be sought somewhere about the base of the auricles, and somewhere between the junction of the auricles and ventricles." Now besides these three tissues there is a fourth, the nervous tissue, and it is well known that the contraction of the muscles is the result of excitement, of the nerves. The rhythmical contraction of the heart continues as long as any part remains connected with the ganglia of the nerves, and ceases if cut off from them; and thus is proved that the ganglia are the seats of the regulative power. "Every action is a muscular action, whose proximate cause is the activity of the nerve; and as the muscles of the heart are related to its ganglia, so are the muscles of the whole body related to that great ganglionic mass which constitutes the spinal marrow, and its continuation the medulla oblongata. This nervous centre originates and co-ordinates all the muscles of the body independently of consciousness; and there is every reason to believe that even this is related to it, for volition, whether it originates or controls action, exerts its influence, not directly on the muscles, but indirectly, upon the cranio-spinal ganglia. Whatever, then, may be the ultimate cause of our actions, the proximate cause lies in the nervous substance, which is the mechanism placed between the external world and our consciousness. Now all nerve fibres are processes of ganglionic corpuscles; of these there are comparatively few, each having five processes. The problem of nervous action, then, is limited to these inquiries—What are the properties of ganglionic corpuscles? and what are the properties of the processes? The phenomena exhibited by active nerve justifies the application of 'nerve force' to this energy: this nerve force is not electricity, but is a correlate of electricity, in the same sense as heat is of magnetism. There is also a direct relation between nerve force and chemical change; and all these circumstances seem sufficient to prove that nerve force must henceforward take its place among the other physical forces." Such is the present state of our knowledge of the structure and functions of nerve.

In the *Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society* there is an interesting account of an experiment on the sun's actinic power by Mr. J. J. Waterston. The experiment was made with the view of obtaining data in an inquiry as to the possibility of measuring the diameter of the sun to a very minute fraction of a second by combining photography with the principle of the electric telegraph—the first being employed to measure the element space, the latter the element time. The result is, that about one twenty-thousandth of a second is sufficient exposure to the direct light of the sun to obtain a distinct mark on a sensitive collodion-plate when developed by the usual processes. The photographic process employed was as follows:—Albumen on glass, iodised by tincture of iodine, 20 grains to oz. of spirit; the silver bath, 50 grains nitrate of silver to oz. water and 12 drops nitric acid; the developing solution, three parts water to one of acetic acid, and the mixture nearly saturated with photo-sulphate of iron.

The Astronomer Royal communicated his views on the means which will be available for correcting the measure of the sun's distance in the next twenty-five years. "The measure of the sun's distance has always been considered the noblest problem in astronomy. One reason for this estimation is, that it must be commenced as a new step in measures. It is easy to measure a base line a few miles long upon this earth, and easy to make a

few geodetic surveys, and easy to infer from them the dimensions of the earth with great accuracy; and, taking these dimensions as a base common to every subsequent measure, it is easy to measure the distance of the moon with trifling uncertainty. But the measure of the moon's distance in no degree aids in the measure of the sun's distance, which must be undertaken as a totally independent operation. A second reason is, that in whatever way we attack the problem, it will require all our care and all our ingenuity, as well as the application of almost all our knowledge of the antecedent facts of astronomy, to give the smallest chance of an accurate result. A third reason is, that upon this measure depends every measure in astronomy beyond the moon, the distance and dimensions of the sun, and every planet and satellite, and the distances of those stars whose parallaxes are approximately known. The received measure of the sun's distance depends on the transits of Venus of 1761 and 1769, but mainly on the latter. In the transit of 1761 the result depended almost entirely upon an accurate knowledge of the differences of longitude of very distant stations, which are undoubtedly subject to great uncertainty. In the transit of 1769 it happened that the result depended almost entirely upon the observations made by Father Hell at Wardhoe, and to these great suspicions have attached, many astronomers having designated them as forgeries. It is, then, evidently desirable to repeat the practical investigation. The Astronomer Royal therefore presses on the attention of astronomers the importance of observing Mars in 1860 and 1862; and for this purpose the necessity of speedily making the preparations, instrumental and literary, especially that of the charts of stars with the path of Mars. At the same time he urges that the future astronomical public will not be satisfied unless all practical use is made of the transits of Venus of 1874 and 1882; and that for these a thorough discussion of the elements of the orbit of Venus, the determination of some distant longitudes, and a reconnaissance of Wilkes' Land must be effected within a few years.

The name Ariadne has been selected for the new planet discovered by Mr. Norman Pogson at the Radcliffe Observatory in April last. This is now the forty-third of the group of planets discovered during this century between Mars and Jupiter. Mr. Carrington, of the Redhill Observatory, announces the discovery of a tolerably bright telescopic comet on the 22nd inst. by Dr. Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, about an hour after midnight; the same object was independently detected at Paris on the 23rd by M. Diem, of the Imperial Observatory. Mr. Carrington observes: "It may not be necessary to add that the appearance and path of the present body offer no similarity to those of the comet of 1556."

At the Statistical Society, Mr. Newmarch read a paper on the electoral statistics of counties and boroughs in England and Wales from 1832 to 1853. In England and Wales 81 counties and divisions of counties send 159 members to Parliament, having a population of 10,488,000, and a constituency of 509,000; and 200 boroughs, with a population of 7,433,000, and a constituency of 411,000, send 335 members; or, taking boroughs and counties together, there are 920,000 electors to a population of 17,921,000. This proportion of electors to population seems small. The number of male adults above twenty years of age in 1851 in England and Wales was 4,717,000; deducting 3 per cent. for those between twenty and twenty-one, we have, as the number of men arrived at their majority, 4,717,000—142,000=4,575,000. Now the total number of houses, inhabited, uninhabited, and building, only amounted to 3,458,000, so that even household suffrage would not quadruple the electoral body. It has been estimated that an extension of the 10^l. franchise to counties would raise the electoral body to 990,000, and that a further extension of it to 6^l. householders in cities and boroughs would raise it to 1,560,000. It also appears that while the number of electors had increased throughout England and Wales generally, and in particular in the metropolis and its vicinity, and in Lancashire, Cheshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, it had remained stationary in the agricultural districts; and in the south-western district, comprising Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts, the county constituency had diminished since 1837.

Patent for connecting pipes or tubes for gas, water, or steam purposes. This new mode of connecting pipes or tubes, the invention of Messrs. Smith and Phillips, of Skinner-street, Snow-hill, is well worthy of notice, possessing, as it does, many and very obvious advantages over the present method of the common pocket-joint, with its fastenings of lead and zinc. Instead of the pipes being placed one within the other, as a socket, the ends of the pipes are merely brought together; there is a groove round each pipe a short distance from the end; a collar is made in two equal parts, fitting into these grooves.

When the ends of the pipes are required to be riveted together, one half of the collar is first placed in the grooves, with a piece of web or gasket saturated with red or white lead, filling the space around the edges of the pipes; the other half of the collar is then fitted into the grooves, and the two pieces screwed firmly together with screw bolts and nuts. These collars are also made so as to be adapted to curves without the necessity of casting the pipes in curves. The plan at once recommends itself by its simplicity. There is also the consideration of a saving in the expense to the extent of 1^l. in every ton of piping for the cost of lead for soldering, and a saving in point of time of laying down pipes, and also especially in repairing them. The principle of the invention is applicable to every material as well as iron. The following is a summing up of the advantages:—The saving of excavation; the avoidance of the nuisance of a fire in the streets for the melting of lead, and the waste of it; a saving of very large per-centage upon the cost of construction, and the perfect facility with which an old pipe can be removed and a new one adjusted. We can safely and strongly recommend this method of connecting pipes, and feel sure that the public generally would hail its adoption with satisfaction, if only for the nuisances it avoids. It is admirably adapted for house pipes of all kinds, for conservatories, for the garden and field, and also for military purposes.

ART AND ARTISTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Concluding Notice.)

MR. W. J. GRANT is a painter who has sometimes given us reason to expect great things from him. But he seems possessed with a single idea, which will not bear being repeated indefinitely. His pictures of this year are, in outline and attitude of the figures, repetitions of what he has painted before, and in colour they are inferior. The scene "From the Life of Queen Elizabeth" (53) is a piece of affectation; the juvenile beef-eater, who offers a nosegay to the imprisoned princess, is a very heavy youth—his grin reminds us of the fat boy in "Pickwick." Mr. Grant's other pieces are still less interesting than this. He has unquestionable talent; but, if he gets into one single groove, his works will soon lose their charm.

Mr. Redgrave is as usual laborious, producing a small effect with the expenditure of much care and pains. We like best "The Cradle of the River" (189) where the interior of a wood is wrought out with infinite minuteness. The figures introduced are but lifeless dolls. Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's "Duke Orsino and Viola" (87) is a lady-like picture. The duke is too fine and soft, and Viola is—we hardly know what—but not what the imagination loves to paint her. The truth is, Shakspeare escapes from artists as he does from actors. The fine poetry which floats round his characters when you read of them is evaporated when they come to be acted or painted—at least, in all except very rare cases. We acknowledge much ability in the picture—an evident effort to realise the poet's invisible creation; but something more rough and common would have pleased us better, something approaching nearer to actual ordinary life. The two figures here are of the stage, dressed elaborately. There is such a savour of "the millinery" about the picture.

Mrs. E. M. Ward's "God Save the Queen" (122) is the best thing we have seen from her hand, and shows improvement in painting. The air and figure of the conductress at the piano, training the young choir, are admirably hit.

Mr. Rankley's "Lonely Hearth" (146) tells its tale with painful truth. The contrivance of making the vision of the widower visible to other eyes, through a device sufficiently commonplace, is effectively used here. The dim churchyard seen through the window should not be overlooked. For the expression of a rude kind of homely pathos, no artist is more successful than Mr. Rankley, though with a certain flavour of the Tract Society.

"Adopting a Child" (614), by F. B. Barwell, tells its story well. The elderly pair who have lost their only child, whose portrait hangs on the wall, are desirous of adopting one whose face probably recalls the lost one. The lady uses the blandishments of toys and kind words towards the child, while the old gentleman tries those of the money-box upon the mother. Neither argument seems to produce the desired effect upon the parties concerned, the conditions of the contract being distinctly understood. The child instinctively clings to his mother, while he clutches fast the toys offered as a bribe. The mother turns away tearfully from the proffered gold, and finds little consolation in the chinking of the money-box.

Mr. F. Danby's "Court, Palace, and Gardens of Alcinous" (245) is, we confess it, caviare, or perhaps cayenne, to us. We could not breathe freely in a

"rddy morning" such as this, in which the artist, like a kind of salamander, seems to find his natural element.

Mr. T. Faed's "First Break in the Family" (264) represents a group of Scotch cottagers, from whom one member has just been launched into the world. Let us not be thought irreverent or hard-hearted if we find this wholesale exhibition of grief a little *de trop*. There is an ostentation of sorrow, which we ascribe to the painter rather than to the parties concerned.

Mr. Wallis's pictures do not carry him much further on the road to fame than that of last year; "The Death of Chatterton," which, though a meritorious work, was rather over-praised. In his colouring he attempts to imitate the effects of Hunt and Millais, but his eye fails him. The "Sculptor's Workshop, Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1617," (458), is that of the nameless artist who wrought the bust of Shakspeare in Stratford church. The subject is not ill-chosen; but faults of colour greatly interfere with the enjoyment of the picture. The reds are hot and dry, while the landscape seen behind is of a watery green, and tea-board to the highest extent. "Montaigne" (501) is better, though here again there is a dry rustiness of colouring no means agreeable. The philosopher himself is the more interesting of the two figures. Mlle. de Gournay, sitting at the feet of Montaigne, not metaphorically, but in fact, is not happily imagined.

The portraits of the year need not detain us long. That by Mr. F. Grant of Mrs. Markham (his daughter) is that amongst them which approaches the nearest to a work of art. The ordinary commonplace of costume and accessories are skilfully got rid of; if we have any objection to make, it is against that pair of neat shiny boots, placed with mathematical accuracy in the first position, as though the lady were about to commence a quadrille instead of a winter's walk. The English school of portraiture has nearly ceased to have any merit of the purely artistic kind. The great school seems to have passed away with Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. Most of the faces yearly painted will soon lose all interest except that which photographic portraits possess. The following may be named as among the best or most interesting of the year: "Lord Lansdowne" (70), by F. Grant; "Lord Murray" (363), by Sir J. W. Gordon, which is rich in colour and reminds one of Reynolds; "John Stewart, Esq." (396), by J. Robertson, also pictorially effective; "David Cox" (499), by W. Boxall, interesting as a memorial of the face and expression of a great artist. The miniatures are about up to the usual mark, those of Wells and Thorburn being the healthiest in tone, though the latter artist has exhausted the resources of his style, and his ladies seem to be but repetitions of others painted before.

We seldom attempt to offer any remarks on the sculpture, feeling the impossibility of understanding the meaning of these works, as exhibited or rather withdrawn from exhibition in the sculpture-room. It appears to us that there are few or no works of eminent merit here. The group of Adam and Eve by Bailey, however, demands mention. The figure of Eve is beautifully modelled. Of Adam we could have wished a more majestic representation. A fine bust in marble of Alfred Tennyson (1354), by W. Brodie, can hardly escape observation. It is all the more effective for being slightly tinted or varnished.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The exhibition of ancient masters at the British Institution is less interesting than usual this year, which is naturally ascribable to the drain upon the private collections occasioned by the Manchester Art Exhibition. We find here a good many great names, such as Raffaele, Titian, the Carracci, Guerino, Guido, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Rubens; but either these masters painted a great many indifferent pictures in addition to their successful works, or else we must suppose that a large number of the pictures which bear their names in English collections are but copies, which is generally thought to be the more probable explanation. Among the works in the north room we may notice the following:—"A Female at a Well" (41), by Giorgione, the property of the Royal Academy. The figure is rather elongated, but there is a certain elegance about it, and in colour it is or has been very rich. Genuine works of Giorgione are excessively rare in England, and we do not pretend to decide upon the authenticity of this, but presume the Academicians to be respectable vouchers. "Queen Esther before King Ahasuerus" (45), by Guerino, is rather hot and brick-dust in colour; the faces are not devoid of expression; it is pretentious rather than dignified. It is a picture of the decadence of Italian art. "Erminia and the Shepherd" (46), by Ludovico Carracci, is inferior in all respects to the picture on the same subject by Annibale, in the National Gallery. "Il Riposo" (14), by Murillo, contains some children and cherubs admirably designed; the face of the Virgin is somewhat coarser than Murillo's Virgins usually are, but the cherubs are some of his best, and the infant Christ is very sweetly drawn. "Rembrandt's Mother" (49), is ascribed to Rembrandt, but we can scarcely believe it to be his. It certainly possesses none of the

peculiar excellences by which his best and undoubted works are distinguished. It is lamentable to see such a thing as the "Martyrdom of Saints" (23), attributed to Raffaele; but this room is full of similar libels. "The Parable of the Blind" (18), by B. Schidone, is a curiously grotesque treatment of what may be called a sacred subject. It is an interesting illustration of the decadence of Italian religious art. The "Virgin and Child" (36), ascribed to Patenier, is a remarkably fine example of early Flemish art. Patenier lived about the end of the 15th century and the commencement of the 16th. This work has the characteristics of the schools of Bruges and Ghent, with less of the Gothic severity of outline. The landscape behind is rather of the Chinese kind, but is in beautiful preservation and exquisitely finished. Patenier, indeed, was celebrated for his landscapes. He is said to have been a dissolute, worthless man; but Albert Durer, who visited him in his tour in Flanders, found him one of the most agreeable of the pictorial fraternity. Certainly, the Virgin and Child in this picture manifest considerable elevation of feeling. The work is a little gem of its kind.

In the middle room are two fine portraits by Rembrandt—a "Warrior" (89), and a "Female" (87). There is a good Hobbins (84), and a "Landscape and Figures" (55), by Both. "Our Saviour receiving the Soul of the Virgin" (64), by Giotto, is an interesting specimen of early art. It is believed to be the same as one described by Vasari, once in the church of Ognisanti at Florence, and stated to have been highly praised by Michael Angelo. The grouping and the expression thrown into the figures are certainly excellent. A portrait of "Madame de Montespan" (72), by P. Mignard, should not be overlooked.

The south room contains, as usual, principally works of the English school. One of the finest things is Gainsborough's portrait of Dr. Johnson (137); and next to this we may place an unfinished portrait, by the name of Gainsborough Dupont (142), a handsome youthful face, worthy of Vandyke. By the side of these, how dry and prosaic appear Harlow's portrait of Benjamin West, and that of Sir William Beechey, though both are not without merit. Gainsborough's portrait of "Paul Methuen" (155), and Sir Joshua's of "John Simpson" (164), are amusing examples of the costumes of those days. The former is clothed completely in light blue, the latter in a strawberry-coloured dress, spotted all over. "General Paoli" is a good example of Lawrence's style, and those of "Hayley, his son, Flaxman and Romney" (97), by Romney himself; of Garrow (116), by Harlow; and of Sterne (128), by Holme, are all interesting specimens of our native school. The "Interior of a Cathedral" (125), by Steenwyck, is an admirable piece of minute finish; it lets us also a little into the manners of the Dutch in the sixteenth century. It was not, it seems, *contra bonos mores*, for a gentleman to parade himself in a church with his hat on, followed by his dog and page. The interiors by Abel Grimmer and P. Neefs (106) and (104), are good, but not equal to the Steenwyck. "Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey" (150), by Canaletto, must also yield to it as a piece of architectural drawing.

We have reserved for the last place the "Fête Champêtre" (143), by Watteau, perhaps the most perfect gem in the whole exhibition. The French are not half proud enough of this great artist, who stands alone and unique. This so-called *fête champêtre* reminds us at once of Stothard and Hogarth; it has the elegance and charming grace of the one, and something of the wit of the latter, but is superior to both in colour and general effect. How admirably hit off are the attitudes of the dancing figures: how full of variety and life are the surrounding groups; how perfectly in keeping is every part of the picture. The gay dissipation of French courtiers under the old regime are here idealised, invested with absolute beauty. The artificial character of the costumes and of the whole affair is quite forgotten; the dream of Arcadian simplicities and ruralities amidst the incongruous adjuncts of trimmed gardens, tasteless architecture, painted faces, and brocaded petticoats, is completely realised. What no French writer of pastorals has succeeded in doing, Watteau has done: he has given poetry to the affected formalities of courtly life.

TURNER GALLERY.

ONE hundred and five of Turner's oil-paintings are now visible at Marlborough House, in addition to a large number of his water-colour and sepia drawings. The upper chambers of the house have been brought into requisition, and there is now no difficulty in seeing these works. It is proverbially an ungracious thing to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but so much cant and nonsense is talked and written about the Turner bequest, that we have no choice but to express our opinion that a very large part of it had better be locked up at once in a dark closet, for the credit of the rest. Are we really to consider as national treasures those explosions of colour with which Turner used during his latter years annually to amuse himself and puzzle the public. We have here a room full of these practical jokes. There are a few comical

attempts at figure-painting. "Lord Percy under Attainder" reminds us of nothing so much as the doleful Lord Lovell of the ballad. His daughters are described in the catalogue as being on a visit to their father when in trouble about the Gunpowder Plot; in the picture they appear rather in the act of forsaking him. Nothing can be weaker than these attempts. In the earliest works the figures are nothing more than caricatures. Look at "Richmond Hill—the Prince Regent's Birthday," date 1819. What Turner could once do in the way of landscape is shown by such a piece as the "Frosty Morning—Sunrise" (492), date 1813. Here is a piece of rational and very careful painting, and a beautiful imitation of natural effect.

We have lately had recalled to our recollection a criticism by Charles Lamb upon the picture of "The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides" (painted in 1806), which it may be worth while to reproduce. It occurs in that admirable essay upon the Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the productions of Modern Art, in the second series of the "Essays of Elia." The name of Turner is not mentioned, but there can be no doubt that his is the picture alluded to. "We have seen," says Elia, "a landscape of a justly admired neoteric, in which he aims at delineating a fiction, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity—the gardens of the Hesperides. To do Mr. — justice, he has painted a laudable orchard, with fitting seclusion, and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme by Poussin is somehow a facsimile for the situation) looking over into the world shut out backwards, so that none but a 'still climbing Hercules' could hope to catch a peep at the admired ternary of recluses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this custos with the 'lidless eyes.' He not only sees that none do intrude into that privacy, but it is as clear as daylight that none but *Hercules aut Diabolus* by any manner of means can. So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here, or nowhere. *Ab extra*, the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist's courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity his pretty charge, and, to comfort their irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honour, and ladies of the bed-chamber, according to the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century—giving to the whole scene the air of a *fête champêtre*, if we will but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well and Watteauish. But what is become of the solitary mystery—the

Daughters three
That sing around the golden tree?

This is not the way in which Poussin would have treated the subject." So far Elia, whose pregnant essay upon modern painting and its tendencies, as they were in his time, we advise our readers to look at, if they have forgot it. What would Lamb have said to the later classical pictures—"Carthage," "Ulysses," &c.—had he seen them? We may find something to admire in these works as amusing pieces of colouring. It is like looking at a stone curiously marked or opalescent; but let us not be told that they contain a profound meaning, or are works of a high imagination.

PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART IN NEW YORK.

WE have received from Mr. W. M. Rossetti the copy of a letter which has been circulated among artists, in which a scheme is propounded for the organisation of an annual exhibition in New York of works of British artists, painters, and sculptors. "There is good reason," it is said, "for believing that such an exhibition would be welcomed by the Americans. The wealthy classes in New York are well known to be lavishly sumptuous in the arrangement and decoration of their dwellings; and it is confidently anticipated that they would be glad not only to call in the aid of fine art for this purpose, but to have its productions brought home to them for that constant contemplation and study which exhibitions and museums of a similar order receive from the cultivated classes—indeed, from all classes throughout Europe. The taste for art is growing in America, as it inevitably must grow with advancing wealth, population, and the Americans are already in Europe, keen competitors at any sale of objects of *virtù*, or of antiquarian interest."

We have no doubt of the correctness of these views, and believe that British artists might find on the other side of the Atlantic a wide market for their productions. Once a channel of regular communication established, and some security afforded to artists for the safe custody and advantageous exhibition of their works, and it is difficult to see where the results will stop. An exhibition to take place in October next is projected, and Mr. Augustus Ruxton has already proceeded to New York to make preliminary arrangements. Mr. Forde Madox Brown has undertaken to accompany to America the works that may be offered, and to superintend the hanging. A guarantee fund not less than 50,000*l.*, to provide for contingencies, is to be raised, by what means exactly we are not informed. The scheme appears to be a promising one; and, for the honour of British art, we shall be glad to hear that it is well supported.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

STATUES of Galileo and Newton, by Mr. Munro and of Bacon, by Mr. Woolner, presented by her Majesty, and a statue of Hippocrates, by Mr. Munro, presented by Mr. Ruskin, are temporarily exhibited at the new Museum in Oxford.—A proposal for some testimonial in honour of the late Mr. F. Scott Archer, inventor of the collodion process in photography, has taken the form of a subscription for his widow and family. Prince Albert has given 20*l.*, and the Photographic Society have voted 50*l.*—Among the pictures of the late Sir Henry Cumming, which were sold last Saturday at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, the following specimens were to be found—Salvator Rosa, a grand landscape with a bridge across a river and figures: Salvator Rosa, a grand romantic Bay Scene, the companion, 170 guineas: Rubens, The Holy Family—the Virgin in a red dress, with the Infant in her lap, St. John playing with a lamb (this picture is mentioned in the *Beleaze de Firenze*), 50 guineas. The following four pictures, by Penry Williams, the property of the late Mrs. Huskisson, were sold the same day:—A View among the Mountains of the Abruzzi, with figures, 37 guineas: A View near the Bay of Mola, vintage scene, 36 guineas: The Shrine, 52 guineas: and The Ferry, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, 152 guineas. Also, some fine specimens of ancient and modern sculpture—a beautiful antique marble bust of Homer, 26*l.* 10*s.*: a Group of a Goat and Kid, in marble, from the antique original in the Vatican, 20*l.*: Gibson, R.A., Bust of a Nymph, in marble, 50 guineas: R. H. Wyatt, a similar Bust, 30 guineas: B. Spence, another ditto 22 guineas: R. Wyatt, life-size marble statue of a Nymph seated, with a kid at her side, 230*l.* (Agnew).—The *Builder* announces that the municipal authorities of Bordeaux, to aid the impulse which has been given to the fine arts in Paris, have determined on the erection of a fountain, of monumental character, in the "Hemicyle des Quinconces," and they have invited artists of all countries to submit designs for it. The choice of material is left open, and may be of several kinds: the cost is not to exceed 8000*l.*, and the designs are to be sent in by the 20th of November 1857. A premium of 240*l.* will be awarded by the jury, if a design of sufficient merit to justify it be presented. In addition, the sum of 160*l.* will be placed at the disposal of the jury, and be appropriated as they may decide. In the event of the execution of the selected design being confided to the author of it, he is to receive, independently of the prize, an honorarium equal to the twentieth of the whole outlay. The jury will consist of twelve members, under the presidency of the mayor of Bordeaux, and will include two members of the Institute, two artists who have obtained a great medal of honour or a first medal at the "Exposition Universelle des Beaux Arts," and two members of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry. The terms, it will be seen, are most liberal, and entitle the municipality of Bordeaux to the warmest praise.—The same journal also states as follows:—"We hear that it is in contemplation to organise in New York an annual exhibition of the works of living British artists—painters and sculptors. There is good reason for believing that such an exhibition would be welcomed by the Americans. The wealthy classes in New York are well known to be lavishly sumptuous in the arrangement and decoration of their dwellings, and they would be glad not only to call in the aid of fine art for this purpose, but to have its productions brought home to them, for that constant contemplation and study which exhibitions and museums of a similar order receive throughout Europe. If well managed, we should have no doubt whatever of the success of the scheme, and the good that will result from it. Active measures are already in progress for making the projected exhibition a fact. Mr. Augustus Ruxton, the original projector, left London for New York at the beginning of May, with the view of communicating with some of the leading men in the States, and of obtaining a gallery. Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the historical painter, has consented to accompany to America the works that may be offered, and to superintend the hanging and all other such preliminaries. Mr. W. M. Rossetti is acting as secretary. With the best possible feeling, indeed, an anxious desire that the project should be carried out successfully, and to the honour of the gentlemen who have originated it, we would suggest the desirability of not confining it, even in appearance, to any one school or party. They must, moreover, take care into what hands they place themselves in America, taking warning by some of the circumstances connected with the 'Universal Exhibition' there."—Signor Carnana, a well-known historical painter at Valetta, uses slate slabs instead of wood-blocks, for the purpose of linear engravings. The most delicate lines, it is said, can be reproduced by this medium in the clearest possible way, and offer a much greater power of resistance to the effects of the printing-press than common woodcuts. It has been determined to build a new town-hall in Berlin, on a magnificent scale. The building is to be a monument of the best architecture of the day, and artists of all nations are invited to prepare plans, and enter into competition for the work. There are to be three prizes awarded for plans, of three hundred, two hundred, and one hundred and fifty ducats. The Westphalian sculptor,

Herr Achtermann, has almost completed, in Carrara marble, his large group of the descent from the Cross, which is to adorn, in the Domkirche at Münster, the tomb of the late Archbishop of Cologne, Clemens August von Droshe-Vischering.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE three great performances of Handel's trilogy of master-pieces, which were given last week at the Crystal Palace, constitute a solid triumph to England. It is perhaps no vain boast to say that in no other country in the world would such an undertaking have been possible. If we ask where could such resources of musical strength have been found, what would be the reply? In France, which arrogates to herself the supremacy in musical taste? Certainly not. Paris is unable to muster a chorus strong enough for the performance of a single oratorio in the most simple style. In Germany alone could a chorus of sufficient number have been collected; but there would, we believe, be wanting the wealth to pay the cost of such an undertaking, and the public spirit to support it. Assuredly it was no light thing to collect an orchestra of two thousand five hundred performers—an orchestra, too, which has perfectly succeeded in every respect, instrumental and vocal. Those who had the good fortune to hear the choruses in *The Messiah*, and the still more magnificent compositions of the same kind in *Israel*, will not easily forget the effect when those numerous voices gave forth the music of the Master with the precision of four gigantic voices of stentorian power. The crystal vault of the Palace was filled with sublime harmony; it was as if the heavens had opened and through the blue space there had descended to us from above the glorious songs of the countless myriads of ever-praising angels. Surely it is no impie to draw this comparison; for what can give us any adequate idea of the songs that are sung before the Throne if not the divine music of the composer of *The Messiah*?

We shall not trouble our readers with the detailed statistics which have been published in such abundance respecting the scale of preparation for this festival. We shall give neither the area of the orchestra, nor the number of desks which it contained, nor the diameter of the big drum, nor the number of pipes in Messrs. Gray and Davison's fine organ; still less shall we speak of the space allotted to the spectators, or of the number of chairs provided for their accommodation. We are content to know that the union of all these petty details produced a grand and beautiful effect, comparable only to one of Turner's most brilliant pictures. An expanse of human beings, for the most part female in their species, dressed in myriad-hued garments, whose bright colours were thrown into relief by the black coats of the men by their sides—a very flower-parterre, fresh, and shining, and fragrant as the choicest bouquet in Covent-garden—a bouquet of vast proportions fit for the nostrils of the fabled Jupiter. Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing could be more full of life and motion and grace, than that crowd of well-dressed mortals viewed from a distance. Here were ten thousand people, who, in defiance of the common lot which decrees that

Men must work and women must weep;

are eating and drinking of the best every day of their lives, dressing in silken sheen and in purple and fine linen, and affording to pay a guinea for two hours' amusement. It may be a cold arithmetical way of looking at the matter, but it is suggestive of proud thoughts as to the wealth and glory of England, for all that. And the orchestra, too—that well-arranged human fan, with the muslin-dressed *alti* and *soprani*, forming a centre-piece to the picture, and looking like masses of flake white or fleecy clouds, or anything but solid flesh and blood—by far the larger proportion of the persons composing that body had actually given their services to the undertaking, and had come to assist at their own charges. This also was a notable element in the greatness of the affair.

The performance of the *Messiah*, on Monday the 15th, was as admirable as could be desired. The effect of the sudden burst in "Unto us a son is born," was electrical; and Mr. Costa so far departed from an unfortunate prejudice which he seems to entertain upon this chorus as to open it without the *pianissimo*, which can only be introduced for the sake of meretricious effect. The famous "Hallelujah Chorus," and the magnificent "Amen," which concludes the oratorio, were very finely given; so also the trumpet song, which Mr. Harper is alone able to accompany in a satisfactory manner.

On Wednesday the 17th *Judas Macchabæus* was performed, and this was, perhaps, the most perfectly successful day of the Festival. We do not stop to inquire whether the presence of the Queen and her guests inspired the artists to this result; but there can be no doubt that it was so. There was a completeness and perfection in the performance of this day which could not be excelled. The fine chorus "See the Conquering Hero" was given with as much fervour as if it were addressed personally to the Prince Consort, and excited a proportionate amount of enthusiasm among the audience.

We cannot pass over the performance of this oratorio without a word of praise to the excellent analysis by Mr. William Pole which was prefixed to the handbook for the occasion. It is a work of real merit, full of appreciative criticisms, which are at the same time profound and clear. A critic must, indeed, be thoroughly saturated with the principles of art to be enabled to explain its secrets plainly and intelligibly to the inexperienced. Mr. Pole, having had an opportunity of studying not only Handel's original MS., but also the copy of *Judas* in the Smith collection which has lately been discovered, has been enabled to prove what Handel's intentions really were, and has indicated many corrections of the style in which the oratorio is now performed. He points out, for example, that "Disdainful of danger," which is now sung as a chorus, was originally written as a trio. Yet it was performed as a chorus at the Crystal Palace. We know not whether this was the fault of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society or of the able conductor, Mr. Costa; but it is certainly an error. In a Festival which was intended to be essentially Handelian, the public had a right to expect that the old routine would be abandoned, and correct readings, founded upon sure evidence, adopted. This, at least, the Sacred Harmonic Society owed to its own position.

There is another criticism which may here be made. It is admitted that Handel's orchestration is too meagre; and we are disposed to believe that such was the case, since the divine Mozart, in spite of his veneration for the great man, was induced to augment the instrumentation of the *Messiah* and of *Alexander's Feast*. But he did this with admirable discretion. Mr. Costa has ventured to attempt a similar achievement; but he has not exhibited the same judgment in dealing with *Judas Macchabæus*, for he has introduced into the orchestra, as an additional accompaniment, a terrible quantity of trumpets and brass instruments, which, by their constant and unvarying sound, produce the effect of a sort of noisy monotony, which destroys all the delicacy of the music. This reproach seems all the more deserved when we remember that Handel himself used brass instruments after "Sound an alarm;" and it is clear, therefore, that he did not wish to employ it *before*, but wished rather to husband his efforts. Therefore it seems to us that to introduce brass before that splendid war-song, is to act in direct opposition to the clearly expressed wishes of the master. We admit, however, that a slight nourishment (if we may use the expression) of Handel's instrumentation will always be agreeable, if not necessary, to modern ears. Mr. Costa, however (who deserves the greatest credit for the manner in which he has conducted this festival), is perhaps a little too fond of brass; he even introduced it into the Hundredth Psalm, which was sung after *Judas Macchabæus*, at the request of the Queen. Up to the point at which the brass was introduced, the old Psalm, sung in all its vigorous and unadorned austerity, and accompanied with marvellous force, produced an effect which was truly magnificent. But, when the brass came, the charm was broken.

The big drum, which was constructed expressly for this festival, formed an auxiliary which seemed likely to be useful in the more colossal effects; but the gentleman to whom it was intrusted appeared infinitely too fond of displaying its power, and banged away with a violence which indicated the possession of more muscular activity than musical taste. A big drum is all very well in its way; but there is such a thing as having too much of it, and we were not well pleased occasionally at hearing its tremendous buzz dominating over all the other sounds in the orchestra.

The performance of *Israel in Egypt*, with which the Festival was concluded, must have satisfied even the most enthusiastic Handelian. We question if even M. Schelcher (if he heard it) has any adverse criticism to offer. The mass of 2500 musicians brought together in these splendid choruses produced an effect truly astounding; for, in spite of the prodigious power used, the perfection of the execution surpassed anything that could have been anticipated.

Among the soloists Madame Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Miss Dolby occupy the first rank. Miss Dolby sang with an unction and a fidelity to the music which proved not only the modesty of her nature but her sympathy with genius. She did not dare to take those liberties with the music which Madame Novello (we regret to say) was too often guilty of. Mr. Sims Reeves also won the admiration of all by the conscientious manner with which he adhered to the music, and the unsurpassed style in which he executed the *morceau* which fell to his share. In "Sound an alarm," and in "The Enemy said" (from *Israel*), he sang with an energy and power which drew from the audience a genuine and enthusiastic storm of applause. It is, indeed, an admirable thing to see this fine singer, gifted as he is, adhering with such religious care to the music which the master has written. Not so Madame Novello, who, during the whole of this Festival, took the most incredible and unaccountable liberties with the music which fell to her share—liberties which were all the more astonishing that they were committed by a singer who is really a very admirable musician. Even in the national anthem, "God Save the Queen," she introduced variations which entirely

destroyed the character of that fine hymn. This reproach apart, Madame Novello's singing was as good as could be desired, and really there is no one more capable of giving to sacred music the highest interpretation of which it is capable. Her sharp and clear soprano, so fresh, so pure, and so beautiful, filled the vaults of the Crystal Palace with its tones of brilliant melody. It would, indeed, be impossible for any one to deliver with more perfect certainty of intonation that splendid *morning* in the *finale* to *Israel in Egypt*. "Sing ye to the Lord."

Herr Formes, according to his usual custom, treated the audience to an immense quantity of false notes. Gifted by nature with a fine and powerful bass organ, he seems to think that nothing more is required of him than to make a big voice. To sing well is quite a secondary consideration with him. Mr. Weiss, who shared with Herr Formes the bass parts in all the three oratorios, has also the same defect of counting too much upon his fine voice. Why was not Signor Belletti intrusted with one of these parts? There, indeed, is a good voice and a good musician.

To sum up, it must be admitted that the Crystal Palace Festival of 1857 is an event altogether without precedent, and that it has added one more jewel to that brilliant musical crown which our old England already wears.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE *Athenæum* gives the prospectus of a Comic Italian Opera, which is to open at the St. James's Theatre on the 16th of November, to give six performances a week, with a double company of artists (*quatre*, orchestra and chorus?), during three months. The list of operas from among which the Direction will select and reproduce in London the most famous and popular, besides the ancient repertory, runs as follows:—"Il Columella," "Crispino e la Comare," "Il Barroio di Preston," "Don Checco," "Pipelet," "Don Bucefalo," "Don Procopio," "I Monetarii Falsi," "Tutti in Maschera," "Amori e Trappole," "Le Convenienze Teatrali," "Don Desidero Disperato," "Chi dura Vince," "Le Prigioni d'Edimburgo," "Chiara di Rosenberg," "Il Campanello," "La Betly," "Olivio e Pasquale," "L'Aio in Imbarazzo," "Il Domino Nero," "La Morta a Napoli," "La Dama e il Zoccolaio," "Precauzione," "Scaramuccia," "Eran due ed or son tre," "Il Ventaglio," by Donizetti, Ricci, Fioravanti, Cagnoni, De Giosa, Nini, Defferrari, Rossi, Raimondi. The company announced as already engaged consists of Mesdames Fumagalli, Vaschetti, Luigia Tamburini; MM. Daniele, Serazzi, Bartolucci, Fumagalli, Ciampi, Casaciello, Castelli. In addition to these, we are promised in print "a comprimaria, a second *tenor comprimario*, a second *bass*, a second *donna*, of distinguished merit."—The Vocal Association, under the direction of M. Benedict, made their first public appearance on Saturday, June 27. The performance took place in the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace, and consisted of the most popular pieces selected from the society's *repertoire*. The association numbers 300 performers.

THE NEW PROFESSORS AT OXFORD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the new Poetry Professor at Oxford, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Arnold, formerly Head Master of Rugby School, by Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, rector of Fledborough, Notts; and was born at Laleham, near Chertsey, June 26, 1823, whilst his father was residing there soon after his marriage. Having taken orders, he engaged in educating young men as pupils for Oxford, at first in conjunction with one of his brothers-in-law, Mr. Buckland, and afterwards independently by himself. The family of Arnold was originally settled at Lowestoff, in Suffolk; but the grandfather of the late Dr. Arnold quitted that county and went to reside at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where his son and successor held the post of Collector of Customs. With his instinctive love of the country and the sea, of nature and of scenery, Dr. Arnold always cherished an affection for the Isle of Wight as his birthplace; and many are the allusions to its charming coasts and green valleys which occur in the letters interwoven with his biography by Professor Stanley.

It is time, however, for us to return from the father to the son, who was brought up in his father's house first at Laleham, and afterwards at Rugby, on the promotion of Dr. Arnold succeeded to the Head Mastership of that school. When he was about twelve years old he was sent to Winchester, where he was the pupil of Dr. Moberley and Charles Wordsworth, and it was not until the year 1837 that he was admitted into Rugby School, under his father. In the following year we find by the Rugby calendar that he obtained the Fifth Form Prize for Latin Verse, the subject being the "Dissolution of the Monasteries;" and in 1839 and 1840 he was equally successful in competing for some of the Sixth Form Prizes.

Professor Stanley, in his interesting "Life of

Arnold," tells us that, in spite of his deep-rooted attachment to Oxford, he had great doubts whether he should not send his sons to Cambridge instead, owing to the prevalence of the Puseyite opinions, which he said, from the appearance of the first *Tract for the Times*, were only Popish opinions in disguise. His love of Aristotle, however, turned the scale. "I could not consent," he writes, "to send my son to a University where he would lose the study of 'dear old Tottle' altogether." The die was cast, and Matthew Arnold was sent to Oxford.

In 1840 he was elected against about five-and-thirty competitors to a scholarship at Balliol College—"the fairest feather" (to use the words of a dignitary of the Church) "that could be placed in the cap of a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age at Oxford." While in residence at Balliol College, he was distinguished more particularly for his power and taste in English composition; and it was seldom that his weekly essay was read aloud by him to the then master, Dr. Jenkins, afterwards Dean of Wells, without being honoured by some such remark of approbation as "This is a most creditable performance, Mr. Arnold; I am justly proud of my scholars."

In 1843 Mr. Arnold gained the annual "Newdegate" prize for English verse, the subject of his poem being "Oliver Cromwell." As our readers are aware, it is the custom for the successful competitors for the Chancellor's Prizes and the "Newdegate" to recite them in the Sheldonian Theatre, at the annual commemoration at Oxford; but, unfortunately, this year the proceedings were broken up by an "undergraduate row" in the galleries, raised partly on account of the unpopularity of one of the "proctors" for the year—Mr. Jelf, of Christ Church—and partly to mark the disapproval with which the younger members of the University regarded the admission of the American Minister, Mr. Everett, to an honorary D.C.L. degree, on account of a supposed tendency of his religious views towards Unitarianism.

In the Michaelmas Term of 1844 we find Mr. Arnold's name in the second class in Classical Honours, and at the Easter following he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel College. This success must have been the more gratifying to himself and his friends, because his father had been a Fellow of Oriel before him, and had retained through life a very keen and pleasant recollection of the society of Oriel common-room at a time when it numbered among its members such men as Keble, Copleston, Davison, Whately, Hawkins, Hampden, and Pusey—most of whom, though divided in religious opinions, were among his firmest and best of friends to the end of his life. We ought to have mentioned that Dr. Arnold unhappily did not live to see the success of his son at Oxford, being cut off by a sudden attack of only two hours' duration in the summer of 1842, soon after he had been appointed to the Professorship of Modern History and had delivered his inaugural course of lectures. This chair was the end to which he had always looked forward with more than ordinary ambition, in order that he might be able to revive the philosophical study of history, and more especially of modern history, in his dear old University; and, when we find him in his inaugural lecture declaring that "he valued more deeply than anything else the privilege of addressing his audience as one of the professors of Oxford, and that there was no public honour or reward that could be to him more welcome," we may well imagine what would have been the joy and satisfaction of that great and good man, could he but have been spared to see his son seated in the Professorial Chair of Poetry—the chair so long held by his intimate friend and correspondent Keble, the author of "The Christian Year?"

But we are anticipating the order of events. Having resided at Oriel for one or two terms after his election at Oriel, Mr. Matthew Arnold became private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and afterwards was appointed one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. In 1851, or early in 1852, appeared the first important production of Mr. Matthew Arnold's pen. It came from the press anonymously. It was called "The Strayed Reveller and other Poems," published by Fellowes, and modestly announced itself as "by A." This he followed up after a few months' interval by his "Empedocles on Etna," published also under the same *nom de plume*. In spite of his disguise, the secret leaked out among Mr. Arnold's friends; and the favourable reception accorded to his anonymous volumes rendered him, we may suppose, the less unwilling to give his name openly to the world, and to introduce himself to the reading public in his proper character.

Such being the case, Mr. Arnold in 1853 collected together and revised the poems which he had produced anonymously, and republished them with Messrs. Longmans, prefixing to them at the same time a preface, which caused considerable discussion at the time, and provoked many hostile remarks from the critics of the metropolitan press. It appears that Mr. Matthew Arnold felt it his duty to express his entire dissent from the language of a rival namesake of his own at Oxford, Mr. Edwin Arnold, who had called upon his readers to

Quit the wither'd past,
And turn them to the time that liveth now.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's classical education and early predilections led him to the opposite way of thinking, and he took up the cudgels warmly on behalf of Homer and the ancients, as being more true to human nature of all times and ages, and having in them nothing local or casual, but marked by a higher degree of objectivity—representing human actions common to all nations and to all times—the eternal objects of true poetry. He writes: "Achilles, Prometheus, Clytemnestra, Dido—what modern poem presents personages as interesting, even to us moderns, as these personages of 'an exhausted past?' We have the domestic epic, dealing with the details of modern life which pass daily under our eyes; we have poems representing modern personages in contact with the problems of modern life, moral, intellectual, and social; these works have been produced by poets the most distinguished of their nation and their time; and yet I fearlessly assert that 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Childe Harold,' 'Jocelyn,' and 'The Excursion' all leave the reader cold in comparison with the effect produced upon him by the latter books of the *Iliad*, by the *Orestes* of Æschylus, or by the episode of Dido in the *Æneid* of Virgil. And why is this? Simply because in the three latter cases the action is greater, the personages nobler, the situations more intense; and this is the true basis of the interest in a poetical work, and this alone."

It must be admitted on all hands, however (whatever their opinion may be as to the abstract question as to the relative poetic merits of the past and the present), that Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems abound in beautiful imaginary and the chastest diction—the latter deriving its greatest beauty from his easy and almost unconscious adoption of similes and metaphors taken from the ancient classics, and more especially from the Greek classics, of the spirit of which he has drunk most deeply. The most exquisite poems in this volume are an episode, entitled "Zohrab and Rustum," "The Strayed Reveller," a lyrical poem, the scene of which is laid in *Ciree's Palace*; and "Tristram and Isolt," a legend of Cornwall and Brittany. In his second series, published in 1854, next to "Balder Dead," we prefer a few short poems entitled "Faded Leaves," together with "Obermann;" and his verses on "The Buried Life." The *Critic* welcomed Mr. Arnold's verses at their first appearance as "poems overflowing with much beauty and many Gracisms by an author equally scholastic, reflective, and pictorial;" and the *Athenæum* greeted him as "thoroughly in earnest, with a lofty idea of the poet's vocation, and a poetic culture severe and continuous. His poems (added the writer) are the result of labour and thought, and of that hearty devotedness to his object which is assuredly as needful in the highest of arts as in the lowest."

Mr. Arnold's competitor for the Professorial Chair at Oxford was the Rev. J. E. Bode, of Christ Church, whose name is favourably known for his "Lays and Ballads from Herodotus"—a gentleman considerably older than Mr. Arnold, and having a wide reputation for sound and elegant scholarship. There can be no doubt, however, that the appointment of Mr. Arnold is the most popular choice that could have been made.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to be informed that the Professorship of Poetry was founded by Henry Birkhead, Esq., a Barrister of the Inner Temple and D.C.L. some time of Trinity College, afterwards Fellow of All Souls' College. The Professor is elected by the members of Convocation for five years, on the expiration of which he may be re-elected for five years more.

The following is the list of Professors. It contains more than one distinguished name:—

- 1708 Joseph Trapp, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, D.D.
- 1718 Thomas Warton, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, and B.D.
- 1728 Joseph Spence, M.A., Fellow of New College.
- 1738 John Whitfield, M.A., Student of Ch. Ch.
- *1741 Robert Lowth, M.A., Fellow of New College, D.D., afterwards Bishop of St. David's, Oxford, and London.
- 1751 William Hawkins, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College.
- †1756 Thomas Warton, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College.
- 1766 Benjamin Wheeler, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity.
- 1776 John Randolph, M.A., Student of Ch. Ch., afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity, and D.D., Bishop of Oxford, Bangor, and London.
- 1783 Robert Holmes, M.A., Fellow of New College, afterwards Canon of Ch. Ch., and Dean of Winchester.
- 1793 James Hurd, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen.
- 1802 Edward Copleston, M.A., Fellow, afterwards Provost of Oriel College, Bishop of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's.
- 1812 John Josias Conybeare, M.A., Student of Ch. Ch., Professor of Anglo-Saxon.
- †1821 Henry Hart Milman, M.A., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Prebendary of Westminster, now Dean of St. Paul's.
- §1831 John Keble, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College.
- 1842 James Garbett, M.A., late Fellow of Brasenose College.
- 1847 Matthew Arnold, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College.

* Author of the learned treatise on the "Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews," a "Translation of Isaiah," &c.

† Author of "The Triumph of Isis," "Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queen," and "The History of English Poetry," and afterwards Poet Laureate.

‡ Author of "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and a "History of the Latin Church."

§ Author of "The Christian Year."

LITERARY NEWS.

It is announced that Government has been pleased to mark its sense of the services rendered to literature and science by the late Hugh Miller, by bestowing upon his widow an annuity of 70*l*.—A list of the schools erected under the minute of the Privy Council on Education on the 2nd of April 1853, for promoting voluntary assessments towards the expense of building schools in rural districts, was published yesterday. The total cost thereof amounted to 211,502*l*. 116,191*l* was the amount of local rate collected by the inhabitants, 17,142*l* the amount of non-local subscriptions, and 78,169*l* the sum contributed from Parliamentary grants. The total number of grants was 351, whereof 263 were in rural and 88 in non-rural districts.—Oxford has conferred the degree of D.C.L. upon Mr. Dallas, the American Minister; Baron Hochschild, the Swedish Minister; Lord Powis; Sirs G. C. Lewis, John McNeil, Charles Nicholson; Messrs. H. S. S. Estcourt, Robert Stephenson, and I. K. Brunel; and Drs. Waagen, Livingstone, and Farr.—The programme for the series of entertainments to be given in aid of the family of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold is issued. It comprises three theatrical entertainments, two entertainments given by single individuals, and a concert. The concert took place on Saturday evening. Fuller particulars may be gathered from the advertisements in the public prints.—The library of the late Lord Shrewsbury, from Alton Towers, has been sold during the week by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The following are specimens of its contents:—*Annales Archéologiques dirigées par Didron aîné*, 11 vols., 4to., fine plates (vol. 1 wanting title), half calf, gilt, and vol. 12, parts 1 and 2, 1844-52. 5*l*. Anselme (P. de Guibours père), *Histoire Généalogique et Chronologique de la Maison Royale de France, des Pairs, des Grands Officiers, &c.*, 9 vols., 4to., numerous coats of arms, calf, Paris, 1726-33, 12*l*. *Antiphonarium ad insignis Sarsburienensis Ecclesie usum cum calendario*, a very large and fine MS. on vellum, written about the middle of the fifteenth century by an English scribe, and adorned with richly illuminated borders and initial letters, of which eighteen contain miniatures finely painted in gold and colours, curious as specimens of English Art. The Salisbury Antiphoner has never been printed, and in MS. is of very rare occurrence, owing no doubt to the expense it must have cost to copy so huge a volume. The present copy was formerly in the Church of St. Helen, Randsworth, in Norfolk, and contains obits of the Holditch family, marked on the margins of the calendar. The Rubrics are very full, and throw much light on the service as conducted in England previous to the Reformation, 50*l*. 10*s*. (Tookey).—Blundell Gallery, engravings and etchings of the principal statues, busts, bas-reliefs, sepulchral monuments, cinerary urns, &c., in the collection at Ince, 2 vols., folio, fine plates, scarce, red morocco, 1809. This fine work was printed at the expense of the late Henry Blundell, Esq., who distributed the whole impression, limited to fifty copies, as presents, 13*l*. 15*s*.—Bonaparte (C. L. Principe), *Iconografia della Fauna Italica*, 3 vols. 4to., finely coloured plates of natural history, half green morocco, uncut, top edges gilt, Roma, 1832-41, 16 guineas.—The sale of the library will be continued during the whole of next week.—On Monday and Tuesday last Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, of Fleet-street, disposed of some copyrights, the property of Mr. Bentley:—*Wayside Pictures* in France, Belgium, and Holland, by Robert Bell, with woodcuts, 49*l*. *Woman's Life*, by Emilie Carlen, 55*l*. *Francesca Carrara*, by L. E. L., 23*l*. *Roughing it in the Bush*, by Mrs. Moodie, 50*l*. *A Marriage in High Life*, by the Author of "Trevelyan," 58*l*. *Traditions of Chelsea College*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, 22 guineas. *Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian*, by Mrs. Mathews, 41*l*. *The Thames and its Tributaries*, by Charles Mackay, LL.D., 30*l*. *Letters of Gray and Mason*, edited by the Rev. J. Mitford, 15 guineas. *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, edited by Lord Wharnclyffe, 80*l*. *Miss Pardo's Louis the Fourteenth*, 70*l*. *Miss Pardo's Court and Reign of Francis the First*, 50*l*. *The Works of Heneage Jesse, Esq.—viz., the Court of England under the Stuarts, 100*l*. The Court of England under the Houses of Nassau and Hanover, 35*l*. *Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents*, 2 vols., 30*l*. *The Memorials and the Celebrities of London*, 65*l*. *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, 25*l*.—A Century of Caricatures, or England under the House of Hanover, illustrated by the Caricatures, Satires, and Burlesques of the Day, with 300 caricatures by F. W. Fairholt, a portrait on steel of James Gillray, the F.S.A. caricaturist, and twelve steel engravings, 100*l*. *Thiers' History of the French Revolution, with Annotations*, translated by Frederick Schöberl, 5 vols., with forty engravings by Greatbach, 240*l*. The total sum realised by the sale amounted to about 1750*l*.—A cheap edition of Frese's German translation of Lewes's "Life of Goethe" is now coming out in numbers in Berlin.—The famous library of M. Libri, which comprises books of extreme rarity in a vast number of languages, is to take place within a few days at Paris.**

The estimate for the British Museum for the current year, 1857-8, is 66,400*l*, viz., 33,205*l* for salaries, 3250*l* for house expenses, 18,200*l* for purchases

and acquisitions, 10,250*l* for bookbinding, cabinets, &c., and 2650*l* for printing catalogues. The number of persons admitted to view the general collections of the Museum last year was 361,714, against 334,089 in 1855. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms was 53,422 last year, which is a falling off from former years. The new reading-room will, however, doubtless tend to make this splendid library more popular than it has ever yet been. Students will henceforth be admitted to the reading-rooms every day (except on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas-day), from 9 till 4, 5, or 6 o'clock, according to the season. The Museum is closed the first week in the months of January, May, and September. The usual reports from the different departments show that 10,434 volumes have been added to the library (including music, maps, and newspapers) of which 753 were presented, 4010 bought, and 5831 acquired by copyright. The number of parts of volumes received was 27,516. The number of pieces of music was 2947 (each a complete work). The grand total number of articles received in this department was 42,639. The additions made to the MSS. department during the year were numerous. They include several very curious papers, such as a fine copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, on vellum (A.D. 1441); the rare Provençal legendary history of the "Gestes de Charlemagne, à Carcassonne," alias Philomena, on vellum; an original Charter of William the First to St. Mary's Church, at Coventry, with the seal in fine preservation; a large number of documents relating to Normandy when in the occupation of the English, from 1355 to 1450; many original charters relating to France, England, and Spain; a series of Bulls of the Popes of Rome and the Doges of Venice, &c.; a collection of highly-finished miniatures and illuminated borders out of missals executed for Cardinal Pallavicini and Pope Leo the Tenth, Clement the Seventh, Pius the Fourth, and Gregory the Thirteenth; an original act of dowry by Ludovico Marie Sforza Visconti, Duke of Milan (1494); the original account-books of Kings Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth of England (1509 to 1518), signed throughout by those sovereigns; six volumes of original correspondence of the Maréchal de Brézé with Cardinal Richelieu and others; Archbishop Fénelon's autograph notes for his defence against Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; a volume of letters of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough and Charles Duke of Shrewsbury and his wife, addressed to Viscountess Longueville (1703-13), and a very large and valuable collection of letters and papers selected from the sales of the late Francis Moore, H. B. Ray, and R. Cope Lamb. 20,780 MSS. were delivered to readers last year.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c

THE OPERAS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Appearance of a new tenor.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—Madame Ristori.—*Fazio*.

The fortnight has been even more barren in theatrical events than a fortnight of the dog-days usually is. The opera-houses have been doing their work bravely, and offer enough attraction to draw large audiences into themselves, in spite of the thermometer. Talk of *gelido Lyceum*—the cool Lyceum! Ovid had never taken a stall to hear Madame Ristori when he coupled that adjective and that substantive. Musical World (I speak not of country matters, nor yet of that excellent publication which bears that name) has scarcely recovered its equanimity after the matchless triumph of the Handel Festival—a triumph all the more signal because it was to a very great degree unexpected. A fortnight ago (it should be remembered, although probably now conveniently forgotten) the dilettanti and worshipful company of eclectic critics were sagely rubbing their chins, and opining that the management of such a chorus was simply an impossibility; Costa was sure to fail; the vibration of the glass roof was too great; and a vast number of similar wise saws and modern instances. Now, however, nothing is heard but one monotonous hymn of triumph and congratulation. Will the Parisians dare to sneer at us now?

Another amusing incident in connection with the Handel Festival is the sudden eruption of profound critical knowledge suddenly displayed by Messieurs of the London press. To read the lucubrations of these learned men, one might be apt to believe that they had been spending the last three or four years of their lives in the earnest study of Handel and his works; and did we not know that all this learning is simply borrowed from M. Schœberl's excellent biography, we should be inclined to look upon them with the most profound respect. As it is, we cannot help thinking that it would have been a mere fulfilment of the common duties of honesty if they had confessed the mine whence all their diamonds have been taken—a ceremony which (with one or two exceptions) they have neglected with singular unanimity.

The rival Juans at the two opera-houses still hold their ground. Crowded houses, enthusiastic applause, and full treasuries reward these two excellent editions

of Mozart's masterpiece. At Her Majesty's Theatre a new tenor has appeared with great credit—one M. Belart—who, without sound of trumpet or drum (rather an agreeable change for the custom of this theatre) has quietly made his appearance and taken a place among the Elvins of the first rank. Nothing can be better than Madame Alboni's Rosina: to the connoisseur it is perfect, to the ignoramus charming.

Madame Ristori's triumph in *Fazio* more than compensates for her comparative failure in *Camilla*. We say comparative, because the want of enthusiasm on the part of the public arose entirely from the total absence of interest in the plot. The tragedy of the Signor Montanelli was awkward from the beginning to the end; awkward in conception, construction, incident, and sentiment; nothing, in fact, but a certain mellifluous flow of the verses to recommend it. In *Fazio*, on the other hand, Madame Ristori has illustrated a capital English play, written by an excellent Englishman. That his piece should be translated, after so many years, for the special benefit of such an incomparable actress as this, and that the English public should have an opportunity of contrasting the tragic muse of Italy with the recollections of our own Siddons and O'Neill, must be accepted by Dr. Milman as a compliment such as falls to the lot of but few authors. Miss O'Neill was (we believe) the original "Bianca." We remember her not; but we have a firm faith that no one can do otherwise than suffer by comparison with that wondrous woman, and her wild weirdlike eyes, staggering about the stage in the drunkenness of agony and stirring up the secret chords in the breast of the most indifferent spectators. Enough! There is but one Ristori. When shall Shakspeare be her bard? JACQUES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE HOBBIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I am sure I need make no apology in requesting the insertion of the following statement of facts, in reply to a letter which has been printed in your paper, from Miss Julia Kavanagh, which absence from town has prevented me from sooner noticing.

Nearly twelve months since Miss Julia Kavanagh's father brought the MS. of "The Hobbies" to me, with a view to its publication; telling me that a considerable portion of it had been written by his daughter, who had carefully revised the whole as its editor. The MS. fully bore out this statement, inasmuch as I found a large part of it, as well as innumerable emendations, in Miss Kavanagh's hand-writing. I was also shown several letters of Miss Kavanagh's, in which she wrote in high terms of the merits of the work, and of her having made such alterations as she thought would make it more acceptable to the public. These circumstances, and the fact of her having herself previously offered the work to one of the leading publishing firms in London for publication, on the understanding that it was to be announced as edited by her, induced me to believe her father's statement; and, in this belief, I undertook the publication upon Mr. Kavanagh's express written authority to publish it "as edited by his daughter, Miss Julia Kavanagh, author of 'Nathalie,' Daisy Burns, &c., the said work having undergone the editorial revision of the said Julia Kavanagh."

I was unaware when I accepted the MS. that unhappy family differences had arisen between Miss Kavanagh and her father; nor had I reason to suppose that any objections existed to the use of her name as editing her parent's work, until I was called upon by her solicitor to withdraw it immediately. However, on being requested to do so, a new title-page was printed and sent to every library to which copies of the work had been sold; and, in further compliance with Miss Kavanagh's request, her solicitor was promised that, immediately after my return to town, the fact should be announced to the public in a form that would be most agreeable to her wishes. I was, therefore, much surprised—and I think I have reason to complain of Miss Kavanagh's publishing her letter of the 9th inst., threatening me with the penalties of the law, when she could not fail to be aware that everything, and even more than any legal proceedings could have effected, had already been done by me to comply with her wishes; and that, if any ground of complaint existed, it ought rather to be settled between her father and herself than between herself and me. J. CAUTLEY NEWBY.

30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, June 16.

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